

# MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

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## Brotherhoods of the Poor.

WE have recently witnessed a strike which must be regarded as one of the most remarkable in modern times. It began among the lowest, most despised, and most down-trodden class of unskilled labourers—a class which has been proverbial for misery and poverty, and for the struggle of many to secure the scantily-paid toil which can only be allotted to the few. Beginning among two or three thousand dock-labourers, it extended like the spread of a conflagration, till, in an incredibly short time, more than a hundred thousand men were on strike. London was overawed by a multitude marching through her streets more numerous than many an army which has conquered kingdoms. Her trade, which is the astonishment of the world, was for a time paralysed. Hundreds of vessels lay idle in her docks and her great river, which were able neither to ship nor to unship their loads. Tens of thousands of pounds were lost every day. In the East-end of London streets were deserted and wharves were empty. Two circumstances of the strike were specially memorable. One was that though myriads were suffering from the stress of hunger, and saw the pinched look on the faces of their wives and little children, and could only look forward to a future of terrible uncertainty, they yet abstained from acts of violence; and the leaders in whom they trusted were men who faithfully dissuaded them from every revolutionary measure to which they might have been goaded by the maddening stress of want. Another fact, full of the deepest significance for the future, was that the vast majority of the men on strike had no personal grievance. They acted on motives which, whether they were founded on mistaken

views or not, were certainly full of chivalry, brotherliness, and self-denial. Though many of them were receiving high wages with which they were perfectly satisfied, they made common cause with the poor dockmen, and went out on strike ;—a course which as they well knew might not only cause them present inconvenience, but might even imperil their future interests. They faced the risk with a generous desire to secure higher wages and less galling conditions for their suffering fellows.

When the strike was drawing to a close I received a letter from a working man, a perfect stranger, whose name even was unknown to me, entreating me in warm terms to express my sympathy with the troubled and excited workers of East London. It may be worth while to record how the strike presented itself to an evidently honest and intelligent young artizan who had no personal share in it. He wrote as follows :

“ I beg in all faith and honesty to ask your aid in the present crisis of the strike. In the first place I am sure their cause is just, as I have had seventeen years’ knowledge of them and their work. Mr. J. Burns, their champion and leader, is much loved and trusted by them. He is a total abstainer and non-smoker, and has formed them into a band of brothers ready to suffer any pains for the right. What the men now want to keep them together is a great spiritual leader. Mr. Burns has stirred up in them chivalric qualities hitherto undreamed of. Now is the time to arouse their spiritual faculties. I sympathise with them, heart and soul, as you would do if you could only see half the sacrifices they make for honour’s sake. I have never seen the spirit of right and chivalry so stirred in them before. I feel certain that this is an opportunity to touch their souls. Will you not write a letter to their organ, or speak at their next meeting ? ”

I felt the force of the appeal, but for two reasons I was unable to take any step in the matter. The first was accidental. I had been travelling from the North of Ireland to the depths of Eskdale, where I was at a distance from any post. The letter was consequently delayed in transmission ; and when I received it a week had elapsed since I had read a newspaper, and I did not even know whether the strike was over or not. The other reason was different. I saw that in hundreds of instances strikes had proved fatal to the best interests of the working-men themselves. Sometimes strikes had been defeated, leaving behind them a long trail of indigence and misery. Sometimes they had succeeded, and their success had done



worse harm by permanently disturbing the delicate relations between capital and labour ; by causing great works to be closed, and so throwing multitudes out of permanent employment ; and—which was the most fatal result of all—by driving important industries entirely out of the kingdom, and thus proving a benefit to other countries at the expense of our own at the very time when the strain of international competition is becoming constantly more severe.

A clergyman ought instinctively to regard himself as a champion of the poor and the oppressed when their cause is just. Christ was a poor man among the poor. He chose for His lot on earth the shop of the carpenter and the boat of the fisherman. He pronounced his beatitude upon the lowly, and invited to Himself the heavy laden. But one whose function is that of a religious teacher is specially bound to do nothing rash. The very sympathy which he feels with the unfortunate should check him from encouraging any action which may tend in the long run to ruin the interests which he desires to serve. The strike of the dock-labourers raised questions which perplexed the wisest philanthropists and the profoundest political economists ; and it was impossible for one who was not upon the spot, and had made no special study of the whole question, to take any active part by thrusting himself with insufficient knowledge into a struggle of which the ultimate issues appeared to be so momentous.

But the phenomena of the strike ought to bring other considerations very forcibly home to the minds of all who love the Church of England, of all who believe in the faith of Christ.

For every one, I think, will admit that neither the Church of England nor any other religious bodies went for much in the mind of those hundred thousand working-men. Cardinal Manning did indeed produce a deeply favourable impression, and is always foremost in every good social work. His influence was nothing short of a national boon, and the Bishop of London seconded the noble effort of the Cardinal. But with this and one or two other exceptions, neither as corporate bodies, nor by the action of their individual members, did any of the sects or churches wield any potent influence over this vast social movement. No one referred to them ; no one consulted them. The leaders of the great associated strike were not in the least recognizable by their adherence to any special form of religious belief. No one ever dreamed of calling in the intervention of

Bishops or any body of Church dignitaries or Dissenting ministers to act as arbitrators. Of the hundred thousand artizans who demonstrated in Hyde Park, or paraded the streets of the East-end, it is very doubtful if ten per cent. regularly attended any Christian assembly, or acknowledged the immediate authority of any religious community. By the confession of the Church of England, and of all other Christian bodies, the working-classes as a whole have "lapsed" or drifted away from the influence of the Church.

Do we realize what that means?

It does not mean that the working-classes as a whole are godless, but it does mean that they have cut themselves loose from many of the best aids and incentives to godliness. It does not mean that they hate religion, but it does mean that in the current forms of religion they do not find the blessings and consolations which are the best support and the richest boon of life. It does not mean that they have no hope and are without God in the world, but it does mean that they lose the divinely appointed way of keeping God ever before them, and that their hopes are in constant danger of being drowned in the muddy and shallow deluge of daily misery and struggle.

Ought we to be content with this state of things? Are we doing our duty if we make no effort to recover the lost ground and to keep pace with the rising tide of population?

Optimists will say, "We have the Parochial system, and the clergy were never more active than at present."

Few men have a higher estimate of the value of the Parochial system than I have, but I must say plainly that if we consider it adequate to the needs of these days we are under a complete delusion.

The working of the Parochial system is admirable for the requirements of the ordinary pastorate. Nothing better could be devised for ministrations to those who are faithful members of the Church. But it is not evangelistic, it is not aggressive. In thousands of parishes it breaks down quite hopelessly, partly because their numbers are so unmanageable that most of the parishioners never see their clergyman at all; partly because in great cities the parochial unity has been absolutely obliterated. What are we to say of parishes of ten, or even twenty thousand people who do not and will not contribute enough to pay for the warming and the lighting of their own church? who refuse to subscribe as much as £10 a year to maintain their own

schools? who allow their struggling and burdened vicar to provide out of his own pocket the stipends of the curates whom he is forced to engage, not to lighten his own labours but to meet the spiritual needs of his people? What are we to say of parishes of many thousands, under good and able men, which yet cannot muster more than a handful of communicants, and cannot send up more than a dozen or two candidates for confirmation? England is becoming a nation of great cities. There are parishes which in ten years have quintupled their population. If we trust to the Parochial system alone to maintain the cause of religion among these teeming multitudes we are leaning upon a broken reed. Much too of what is vaunted as the increased activity among the clergy is purely functional. It consists in the multiplication of services and the elaboration of ceremonies. If a clergyman has daily service, it is supposed that he *must* be doing good work. Yet what is the practical value of the daily service, when, after being fully tried for years, the entire congregation consists (as I have known to be the case) of a single idiot, sitting with a book before him upside down; or of the bell-ringer and two old women; or of four young ladies, the daughters of the vicar; or of the schoolmaster alone, so that, as one vicar said to me, "I daily read the service to the congregation, and the congregation reads the lessons to me"? Functions, and ceremonies, and services may be admirable in their place, but they will never do the work achieved either by St. Paul, or by Francis of Assisi, or by Wesley and Whitfield. Our Sunday services are delightful to the educated and the faithful; but the unanimous voice of a body of hard-working East-end London clergymen assures us that "Neither in length nor in structure, nor in language is our liturgy adapted to the needs of the working-classes. It offers them that which they do not understand, and for which they do not care."

I say then that unless we are prepared to try other resources, to put into play new, more varied, and more energetic agencies, the influence of the Church among the working-classes, which is already at so low an ebb, will soon cease to exist altogether. We are living in a fool's Paradise if we flatter ourselves that the much-boasted revival of "Church principles" has made any impression on that vast multitude who are hardly to be called a class at all, but are rather the very backbone of the nation. A crowded church will be found in every large parish where the vicar is a good preacher and is beloved, quite irrespectively of

whether he is High, or Low, or Broad. An impressive or gorgeous ritual, to say nothing of its expensiveness, will never of itself fill any church with working-men, or produce any sort of effect upon them. The one thing which can and will reach them is *personal influence*; and to that they are always amenable, whether it come from a Frederick Robertson or a Father Lowder, from Maurice or Mackonochie, from Simeon or Dean Stanley. The poorer masses will never be reached by a particular set of views or practices; they will always be favourably influenced by earnest men.

Now it is this personal influence which cannot on any adequate scale be brought to bear by the parochial clergy in large and densely crowded parishes. It is not in one case out of a hundred that they get any real hold of the working-men in a mass, though they may reach a few. The parochial clergy are rarely well off. They are married; they are incessantly occupied by meetings, addresses, classes, and organizations of all kinds. They get hold of the young in their schools, but they almost inevitably lose sight of the youths of both sexes immediately after their first communion. A large parish needs the exclusive work of one clergyman merely to keep touch with the young men; and to do this requires gifts and sympathies which perhaps no member of the clerical staff—even if he could be spared from other duties—may happen to possess. Yet the youths of both sexes constitute one of the most important classes of the community, and if they be lost sight of, it may well happen that they soon cease to be members of the Church in anything but name.

What, then, is the remedy?

There is no one formal remedy, but every remedy which can be brought to bear may be summed up in the *extension of the personal influence of high-minded, faithful, and educated men.*

Mankind has never been delivered by committees or organizations. Ultimately it has always been the individual who has flashed into other souls the electric impulse which has pervaded his own. The purification of corrupt societies, the conversion of barbarous races, the redemption of intolerable wrongs, has always begun with the action of a single heart, and the self-sacrifice of the one evokes the enthusiasm of the many. St. Antony, St. Benedict, St. Columba, St. Francis of Assisi, Savonarola, Luther, St. Francis Xavier, St. Vincent de Paul, John Howard, Wesley, William Carey, John Pounds, William

Lloyd Garrison, Lord Shaftesbury—take away these names from the history of Christendom, and delete the influence they exercised, and modern Europe might still have been a chaos of barbarism and cruelty, of vice and superstition.

And what were the two great wings with which every one of them soared above the dead-level of their contemporaries, and uplifted with them their suffering and degraded fellow-men? They were the two great wings of enthusiasm and self-denial.

Enthusiasm and self-denial cannot be had to order, but in the hearts of good men there is a vast reserve-force of both, and they are called forth by special needs. When the hour has struck, the man is usually forthcoming. The hour *has* struck, and the Church anxiously awaits the man who shall have the requisite powers to organize that which cannot fail to be a mighty movement.

Such a man, looking back at the annals of the past, will see that the great work of human amelioration, the conversion of the heathen, the recovery of the lapsed, the arousing of selfish and luxurious societies, can never be accomplished by proxy or by subscription lists, or by an office and paid secretaries, or by languid, advertising, and perfunctory associations. It can only be achieved by toil of heart and brain, by agonies and energies, by men who look neither for honour nor even for success, by men who work in faith and to whom the work is the reward. It was thus that gladiatorial shows were abolished, that slaves were emancipated, that prisons were purified, that drunkards were reclaimed, that factory children were rescued. And in almost every instance the work has been done by men who were not only singlehearted by nature, but who could devote themselves exclusively to their one main task by setting aside all personal ends, and keeping themselves disentangled from the cares of life.

When a great work has been begun, it becomes too large for a single worker. It is taken up by those who imitate his example, who band themselves into a community animated by the same high desire. But if the community is to carry out the work of their head or founder, they must be bound by similar conditions. And those conditions of exclusive devotion to one great end, resolve themselves mainly into three: the old vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience, which in past ages added so vast a potency to individual self-sacrifice.

And at this point many will start back disgusted and terrified by the proposal. They will say Monasticism in age after age

has proved itself a deadly failure. Would you, in defiance of the plain lessons of History, propose to re-introduce it into that Church of England by which the spirit of it has been deliberately rejected?

I answer that I should regard the re-introduction of all that is meant by "Monasticism" into the Church of England as a frightful calamity. Even as early as the fourth century the records of the Church begin to teem with shameful stories, like those about wicked, sensual and greedy monks which are recorded by St. Jerome and other Fathers. St. Augustine, enamoured as he was of the cœnobitic life, and though he unwisely endeavoured to enforce it upon his clergy, yet confesses that if some of the best men he had ever known had been monks, so too had some of the worst. Monasticism may be possible to the saintly few, and they may secure its best conditions for themselves without leaving their own houses; but as an institution for many it has been stamped by History with fierce and emphatic disapprobation.

But the Brothers of the Poor whose establishment is in contemplation will not be monks in any sense of the word. The first and fundamental difference between them and monks will be this, that their vows will never be permitted to be permanent. They will be voluntary; they will be temporary; they will be dispensable; they will never be undertaken for more than five years; they may at any time be laid aside. By this means the Brotherhood will be saved from the intolerable curse of the monasteries, the misery and corruption of men who were unequal to their vows and had mistaken their vocation. Further, the life of the Brothers will be active, not contemplative; public, not secluded; enlivened by constant and cheerful intercourse with their fellow-men, not shut up in cells; busy with energetic beneficence, not swallowed up by seven services a day. It will be a life spent in the very midst of the world, not entirely withdrawn from it. The one aim of the Brothers, lay and clerical, will be to serve, and to win, and to elevate, and to purify others; not to absorb themselves in the contemplation of how best to save their own souls. For the time that they are members of any Brotherhood they will live, gladly and unencumbered, as poor men among the poor. Their single rooms will be among the abodes of the poor, and will be always open to the poor. They will be the friends of the poor, not separated from them by abysses of external respectability, nor removed



from the possibility of fully understanding the condition of their life. They will be face to face and shoulder to shoulder with the working-classes, earning their full confidence by manifesting unstinted sympathy with them in their needs and sorrows. They will not be crude, brawling, uneducated evangelists, with a stock of fluent and ignorant shibboleths, but gentlemen, men educated at our public schools and Universities, men of knowledge and refinement, who will be ready to make a cheerful sacrifice of the interests which most men hold so dear and in which they find so little satisfaction, for the sake of winning back the great masses of their fellow-countrymen in crowded cities to the inheritance of blessings which myriads are rapidly losing or have already lost. If they undertake this mission in the right spirit they cannot fail; and if they succeed, they will become the saviours of our modern civilization.

I believe that two or three thousand of such workers, costing the Church nothing, appealing for no funds, accepting no subscriptions, living (and that in perfect comfort) on £40 or £50 a year, derived either exclusively from their own private means, or given them by those who send them to their work, would produce an incalculable change in the future destinies of the Church of England, and therefore of England herself and of the world. They might diminish that horrible scourge of drunkenness, which is the worst curse of the working-classes, and which drags them down into abysses out of which they can never rise until they have emancipated themselves from the tyranny of the ginshop. They might deepen, and in many regions create afresh by their example, the lost ideal of purity, and save London from the disgrace and shipwreck of all that is best in human life, caused by the multitudes of fallen women who are now, alas! to be numbered by tens of thousands. They might grapple effectually with the subtle and spreading evil of betting and gambling, and might help to dissipate the intolerable dulness and dreariness which now takes refuge in these spurious forms of excitement. Above all, the work and example of men whose lives were obviously devoted to the good of the poor at the spontaneous sacrifice of their own gain, could not fail to win the confidence of the great body of the people. Confidence, as the great statesman said, is a plant of slow growth. At present the clergy as a body do not possess the confidence of the people either in the country or in the cities. They have failed to convince them that the labours of the clergy should be

*mainly* in the service of the poor because the poor are the more in number; and that they have a Gospel for the poor which neither Socialists nor men of science can offer them. It is more than doubtful whether this lost confidence can be won back by any of the present agencies. New efforts, new sacrifices are needed—new, yet in their method and spirit as old as Christianity itself—before the mass of the people can see those days of the Son of Man which they have lost, and for which in their inmost hearts they sigh. If any can suggest better or safer expedients to restore the religious life of the multitude than by the formation of Brotherhoods such as I have here indicated, let them not be contented to object and to criticise, but let them tell us what is needful.

“Si quid novisti rectius istis  
Candidus imperti; si non his utere mecum.”

The Southern House of Convocation has passed a unanimous resolution to the effect that the time has come when the Church can welcome the aid of such Brotherhoods; but it has not yet pledged itself to any details of their organization. This cannot be done till the next Session of Convocation in May 1890. But if the sanction of the Upper and Lower Houses be given to the formation of a body such as is contemplated in this paper, there can be little doubt that some one will come forward who will endeavour to lead the movement and to organize the work of Brethren of the Poor in parishes and dioceses where such work would be welcomed. Many of the Bishops have already expressed their approval of the plan, and if it be carried out under wise and favourable auspices, I am one of those who feel strongly convinced that it will bring to bear upon the religious needs of the multitude a force no less mighty than that which was exercised by the early followers of St. Benedict, or the Minorites of St. Francis, or the Poor Priests of Wycliffe, or the Piagnoni of Savonarola, or the order of St. Vincent de Paul, or those whom John Wesley sent forth throughout the length and breadth of England to awaken the torpor of a selfish and slumbering Church.

F. W. FARRAR.

## Dramatic Opinions.

BY MRS. KENDAL.



### PART II.

PEOPLE often ask me what are the secrets of popularity in an actor. Who can say? It is that little *something* which we cannot describe which makes him or her sympathetic with an audience. If we could say *what* it is, if we could, as it were, place our hands on the actual spot and declare it to be this or that which gives popularity, should we not all try and get it for ourselves? Were it to be sold in a shop, should we not go and buy it? It is that little mysterious something which makes a man or woman great or popular. They may be full of faults, they may have any strongly marked individuality you like, it is that "something," that unknown quality, which makes them more or less sympathetic. To a certain extent the public is led by the voice which says "Follow me, this, or that, is great." Many actors have arrived at popularity by the public being told they are great till it comes to believe them so. At the same time the public are so marvellously intuitive, they are so wonderfully correct, that a man could not sustain his popularity, or a woman sustain hers, and by "sustain" I mean go on for a period of years retaining their popularity, unless there were that "something" in them.

How often one goes into a theatre and sees in the programme the name of a clever man or woman playing a second or third rate part! We say "Oh! Mr. So-and-So, or Mrs. So-and-So. How delightful! they always act so well." But for all that they are not the particular person who has taken us to the theatre, they are not the person whom we have paid our money to see. We are delighted when we see their names on the programme, but they have not attracted us there. The actor or actress who

attracted us there may not be half so good an artist ; but he or she possesses the indefinable "something" that draws, draws us not only from a monetary but also from a sympathetic point of view. There are many good actors and actresses who intellectually could teach those whom the public have placed in a position above them, but who lack that extraordinary power of drawing. You cannot tell what it is, this particular charm, it is indescribable. Perhaps, my reader, you suggest that it is genius in some form or other. No, that is not the right word. The word genius should strictly only be applied to about three of the people I have met in the whole course of my life. It is true I have heard it applied at least three million times, thrown broadcast in fact. So that for me it has rather lost its meaning. No, it would be impossible to describe the secret of popularity in an actor or an actress.

Some people say that when you are acting upon the stage with an actor or actress you think they are good, and yet their art does not go "over the footlights" and reach the heart of the public. Sometimes I have been told, "How bad this actor is at the rehearsal! and, close to you, how unsympathetic, and yet what an effect he produces on his audience!" I do not believe this. I do not believe that any actor who is not sympathetic to act with—and by this I do not mean anything but actually the word I am using—sympathetic in his part—I say I do not believe that such an actor's art *can* reach the public. If the tone of an actor's or actress's voice with whom you are acting does not allow you to answer them in the frame of mind and heart that you should be representing while you speak, and is not in sympathy with you, it is impossible for you to make the audience follow your train of thought. Acting is like photography. One single person has instantaneously to photograph the same impression upon the minds of hundreds. It is the duty of an actor to make the audience see the part from *his* point of view. If the audience is discussing whether the actor is right, the actor has not got hold of them. When I am acting, I must make the people feel that they see it from *my* point of view. If they discuss during the time I am acting whether I am right or wrong, I certainly have not got hold of them. They may discuss it afterwards, and say, "He was right," or "She was wrong"—this, that, and the other—but during the time I am acting it must be, as it were, a photograph thrown upon each individual mind of the audience, and I, or

whoever is acting, must have the power to impress each mind so forcibly that for the time at least it must see only the situation as it is so focussed.

This is one of the difficulties in playing a part taken from a well-known book. Each person among the audience, on reading the book, has drawn his own picture of the character. When they come to see an actor or an actress play that character, they immediately question whether it is right. "She did not do that. In the book I see so and so. He did not do so and so." Of course this difficulty is at its height when one is playing Shakespeare. It does great credit to the talent of the actor or actress if they realize to the *majority* the idea of the characters they have read of.

I am not now considering the truism that the playing of an actor ought not to appear to be playing at all, but a scene in real life. That is naturally a *sine quâ non*. I am thinking of the cases where the public have read about a character in a book and formed their own ideas about it. A fine actor's interpretation of such a character ought to appear true to the majority of the audience, and be sympathetic to every intelligent conception of the part. The only person I ever saw who realized my idea of "Jo" in 'Bleak House' was Miss Jenny Lee. She was so physically like the part, and it was such a beautiful performance, that one never questioned it. It was the reality. But it is very, very difficult, when the majority of the public have read a book, for an actor to realize for them what they have already realized for themselves, often in various ways. To take an illustration. I can only call to mind two painters who have succeeded in realizing the ideal we may have formed of the face of our Blessed Lord. How often painters try to give the sublimity, the intellectuality, the divinity of that face! Yet when we stand before their pictures, how seldom do they come up to our imaginative ideal, because we each have our own! There is always something lacking. Something of the same kind is true of representations of Shakespeare's characters.

And then there is the difficulty of rightly understanding the text. Get any three actors—three Shakespeare students—to go and see a performance of Shakespeare. Each one will discover a new reading, or, at any rate, converse and argue and cavil about the emphasis. For instance, Othello says: "Put out the light, and then—put out the light." Now I have heard the most clever and intelligent and gifted men in my profession argue—I

had almost said for hours—over the reading of these few words, “Put out the light—and then—put out the light.” One maintained that Shakespeare’s meaning is, “Put out the light,” referring to the light of Desdemona’s life; “and then,” as if Othello had already in thought killed her, and asked himself afterwards the question, “Put out the light?” Another asserted that “Put out the light” refers to the candle which Othello carries in his hand—“Put out the light”—that is, extinguish the candle; “and then,” referring to the murder he is about to commit. Who shall decide which interpretation is correct? Who shall say what was in Shakespeare’s mind when he put into Othello’s mouth the words, “Put out the light, and then put out the light”? There are hardly two men or women in my profession who would be found to agree upon the reading of that one line. I can only tell you that I have heard it discussed so often that I scarcely know what my own opinion on the subject is! And Shakespeare is full of such lines. His mind was so subtle, so extraordinary, that I can quite understand this eager discussion going on centuries after his death as to whether he really wrote the plays which bear his name or whether he did not. The more you know of Shakespeare, the more you read of him, the more marvellous does he appear, and the more subtle. “How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! In action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god.” Read Shakespeare when you are young, read Shakespeare when you grow older, and the same words will seem to have totally different meanings. The phrase in the Bible, “Now we see through a glass darkly,” might be applied to the reading of Shakespeare’s plays. It would be impossible for any ordinary persons, if they were to live to be hundreds of years old, and thought only of cultivating their minds, to tell you, from their own small range of thought, what Shakespeare meant. This will help you to appreciate the tremendous difficulty of realizing the ideality and personality of Shakespeare’s characters.

However, every writer of plays is not a Shakespeare, and sometimes—indeed, I may say often—a poor play can be turned into a success by fine acting. There is one matter upon which I venture to quarrel with some of the chief critics of our time. They never point out to the public where the author ceases and where the actor begins, where the author has “made” the actor, and where the actor “makes” the author. The dividing line is so fine, that even the best writers of our time fail to discern it,



and it would be impossible for *me* to attempt to define it here. A writer brings a play into a theatre, and, as it were, leaves his child in that unknown region. It is in the manager's discretion to cast that play as he thinks best, and for the stage director to bring out all the author's points. It is, to a very great extent, to the stage management that the success of the play is due. Then comes the exposition by the actors. I have seldom met an author who has not said, "I do not think you make enough of this; I meant this to be very much greater in effect;" and as often—no, perhaps not *quite* so often—he says, "I never thought, when I wrote that, that there was so much in it as you have made of it." One man has said these two things to me. It is not every author, clever men as authors are, who knows exactly what effects will be produced by his play. He has his own ideas, and he sometimes owes a great deal to the actors. A certain author, whom I will not name, is accustomed to declare, "I do not want actors and actresses to think what they are going to do with my parts. These are my lines as I have written them; let my ideas be reproduced; let us have no vagaries of other people's." But that author has never succeeded in touching the heart of his public. When a writer leaves his play in a theatre, he gives it up, as it were, and, in my opinion, it should be left to the feelings of the artists engaged in it, who, as a rule, work most wonderfully together. They ask each other's opinions, consult each other's thoughts, and inadvertently teach one another by suggesting little details and, as it were, threshing out the meaning of the author's words, sometimes wonderfully improving the play in the process.

I have known adverse criticism to be useful in many instances. One strikes my memory very vividly. When first the play of 'Lady Clancarty' was produced at the St. James's Theatre, I think nearly all the criticisms upon me were adverse; in some cases the writers—gentlemen in whose opinion I have the greatest faith, and for whose judgment I have the greatest admiration.—pointed out most kindly to me where they thought my reading and my view of the character were wrong. First impressions had been made by a very beautiful and extremely talented woman; and I dare say that, to some extent, militated against me—for first impressions always are the strongest, and it is quite right they should be. I felt so instinctively that these criticisms were right, that I worked very, very hard at my part for weeks and weeks. I went on a long

had almost said for hours—over the reading of these few words, “Put out the light—and then—put out the light.” One maintained that Shakespeare’s meaning is, “Put out the light,” referring to the light of Desdemona’s life; “and then,” as if Othello had already in thought killed her, and asked himself afterwards the question, “Put out the light?” Another asserted that “Put out the light” refers to the candle which Othello carries in his hand—“Put out the light”—that is, extinguish the candle; “and then,” referring to the murder he is about to commit. Who shall decide which interpretation is correct? Who shall say what was in Shakespeare’s mind when he put into Othello’s mouth the words, “Put out the light, and then put out the light”? There are hardly two men or women in my profession who would be found to agree upon the reading of that one line. I can only tell you that I have heard it discussed so often that I scarcely know what my own opinion on the subject is! And Shakespeare is full of such lines. His mind was so subtle, so extraordinary, that I can quite understand this eager discussion going on centuries after his death as to whether he really wrote the plays which bear his name or whether he did not. The more you know of Shakespeare, the more you read of him, the more marvellous does he appear, and the more subtle. “How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! In action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god.” Read Shakespeare when you are young, read Shakespeare when you grow older, and the same words will seem to have totally different meanings. The phrase in the Bible, “Now we see through a glass darkly,” might be applied to the reading of Shakespeare’s plays. It would be impossible for any ordinary persons, if they were to live to be hundreds of years old, and thought only of cultivating their minds, to tell you, from their own small range of thought, what Shakespeare meant. This will help you to appreciate the tremendous difficulty of realizing the ideality and personality of Shakespeare’s characters.

However, every writer of plays is not a Shakespeare, and sometimes—indeed, I may say often—a poor play can be turned into a success by fine acting. There is one matter upon which I venture to quarrel with some of the chief critics of our time. They never point out to the public where the author ceases and where the actor begins, where the author has “made” the actor, and where the actor “makes” the author. The dividing line is so fine, that even the best writers of our time fail to discern it,

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tour with it in the country, and tried it in many different ways, and eventually, when I returned to re-open the St. James's Theatre in the winter season with it, the criticisms of me were most generous and kind, and I was highly praised for the improvement I had made in my part. I cannot now recall to mind every instance in which I have remembered the criticisms which have been written upon me—where I have instinctively felt that they were right and I was wrong, and I altered my part accordingly. I have great admiration for the writings of some theatrical critics, who, whenever they have to say anything unkind, do so in a very gentlemanlike way, and in a kindly spirit, and who, if they praise you, do so to the utmost of their power. This, of course, is in violent contrast with those critics who are led, more or less, by personal feeling of like or dislike to the artist they are criticising, or with those people who make it a point of turning everything into ridicule, no matter what you may attempt from a high art point of view.

Certainly I think the love of the amateur world for theatricals, which has increased so much of late years, has done as much good for the stage as amateurs have done for music. Look at the amateurs who every night are seen at the Philharmonic Concerts, who help to keep up the tone of high classical music by their devotion and their love of it. So I think amateurs have to a great extent helped the stage. No doubt, as with everything else, it has had its drawbacks. Amateurs come with their books, in the case of any play which they are going to do; and they sit in a private box and take notes, and give as near an imitation of anybody they think right as they possibly can. At the same time there is the fact, that they are continually rehearsing, and that they each have their hero and heroine that they follow in the art. They are continually conversing in their own home circle as to theatres and theatrical life. It may have had its drawbacks, perhaps, in letting the outside world know that snow is made of pieces of paper, and that the moon is really only a limelight. At the same time, it has, on the other hand, been the means of opening the minds of thousands in the world, who at one time had a sort of instinctive wonder at actors and actresses because they did not know them, and at the same time an instinctive dislike for what is termed going "behind the scenes." Nowadays, all that is swept away. Everybody now knows how the curtain is taken up and where the prompter stands, and what "flies" and "borders" are. Another very

great thing for the public to have found out is that, as a rule, in from three to five minutes from 1000 to 1200 people may go safely out of a theatre. I am very proud to say that many of my friends have very often made their "first appearance on any stage" behind the footlights of the St. James's. All this converse and this reciprocal feeling between the audience and actors and actresses, and all this personal intercourse has entirely swept away the thousand little cricks and prejudices, which at one time existed; and I consider that it is the amateur who has, in great measure, opened the eyes of this section of the public.

On the opposite side of the balance must be placed the actors and actresses who, instead of keeping to their art, take to Society, and are more known for where they go in Society than for their work upon the stage. There is an excellent anecdote told of Macready and Samuel Phelps. Macready was acting at Drury Lane in the West-end, and Phelps at Sadler's Wells in the East-end. Macready wrote a letter, something like the following:

"MY DEAR PHELPS,—Why not come to the West—a great actor like you? Surely there is room for two!"

and so on. To which Phelps replied:

"MY DEAR MACREADY,—How kind of you to think of me! I am very happy at the East-end of London. I cannot act as well *off* as I can *on* the stage, so I will stop where I am."

This was written some number of years ago. I venture to say that it is a slight hit at some members of my profession who make Society a vehicle for the stage, instead of making the stage a vehicle by which to make Society respect them. I shall perhaps give offence by making these remarks, and I apologise to those whom it may hurt, but I feel this deeply. When I know how hard actors and actresses have to work, and how often they have to change their dresses at night; and when I see them, tired and jaded, tearing up to their dressing-room to put on another dress in order to go to some crush after the play, I must say I feel it is a pity that any artists should think it necessary to air themselves before the eyes of that public which has paid its 10s. 6d. a few hours previously to see them. This, I know, is open to a great deal of contradiction, and many actors and actresses will say, "This is our relaxation. This is the time when our work is done, and we feel that we can go out and



enjoy ourselves." And so it is. I have no doubt it has its good side, but from the point of view that I take, I doubt whether it will, in the end, do as much good as in the present day it is thought to do.

Because a person is charming at a dinner-table or at an evening party, people say, "We must go and see So-and-so." It is a sort of thing that creates curiosity, and people go to the play because they have met the artist in Society. In fact, I look upon it as a form of advertisement. I may very likely be wrong. Some people say I always *shall* be wrong. Still, I have my poor opinion, and, such as it is, I express it.

If artists really have exhausted their energies upon the British public by acting parts which entirely take every bit and drop of vitality out of their fibre, they cannot shine in Society. They must either keep to their theatrical work, or they must reserve from the British public some of their vitality, and retain it for the good of Society. If you are a bitterly conscientious person, and act up to the hilt, I defy you night after night to go out, after your work, or even two or three times a week. If an actor has a lengthy rehearsal during the day and then has to play an extremely heavy part, it is impossible that he can go out again afterwards. During the year that I played in 'Impulse,' I went out to nearly every party and reception to which I was invited. But why? I had not forty lines to speak in the whole play—nothing to do. I was fresh, and equal to going out. But when I have a heavy part, I could no more go out than I could take wings. Not that I am applying my observations to that point of view at all. I am applying them to the fact that there are many artists upon the stage who go into Society for the sake of being seen, and by that means get a sort of *clientèle* of the public who follow them on to the stage. That is what I dislike.

Great indeed is the compliment when the highest in the land seek the society of those who have done honour and credit to the stage, but there is no compliment when the seeking is prompted by curiosity, or merely responds to a desire for self-advertisement.

I do not think that amateurs take the bread out of other people's mouths. Certainly not. Since amateurs have come upon the stage, they have brought with them an immense deal of good. Look at the hundreds and hundreds of nice young girls—and young men too—who, with regard to personal qualifications, are certainly gifted for the theatre; it is perfectly



wonderful the different people that I see who wish to come upon the stage, and I always encourage them to do so.

Women, as a rule, are quicker in learning anything than men. I do not think there is a thing in the world that a woman could be better than an actress; there is no other calling in which she can earn so much money; no other calling in which she can keep her own standard so high; no other calling in which she can set a better example and do more good. An actress lives in a world of her own creation and imagination for the time being, a world in which she is perfectly happy, or perfectly miserable, as the case may be; and she holds a position which is unique if she has the necessary qualifications, such as the perseverance which is necessary even when the talent is already there.

I do not say there is room for all, but those who have the ability will naturally come to the fore. Of course there must be a large majority who will go to the wall, poor girls! but at the same time there are a great many who come to the front, at any rate there are a great many who can earn their £300 or £400 a year, and that is a very nice competence for a woman in the middle class of life, very much more than she would earn in almost any other career. Besides, she has the blessedness of independence, and that is a great thing to a woman, and especially to a single woman.

Naturally many of the acting profession are in the ranks of the "unemployed." That must always be the case where there is a very large concourse of people. And in the dramatic profession the risks are increased by the hazardous and temporary nature of engagements.

There is a very great discussion as to whether people act best in parts that are most like themselves or most like the people they would wish to be. This is a controversy that is continually being opened, and has never yet been answered. Some people think, that if the part of a villain is acted very well, the actor must be a villain, and therefore anybody who plays the part of a murderer must be looked upon with aversion. To a small extent, there is no doubt about it, you must bring your own individuality and character upon the stage. That goes without saying.

I think success chiefly depends on the power of imagination and the creative faculty, and the question is whether it is developed enough, and whether you can throw yourself into

the feelings of the character, whatever they may be at the time. A very severe critic once said that unless a woman was very, very noble in all the attributes of her life, she could not play a certain beautiful Shakesporean character. Well, that is a very severe stricture, because, whatever a woman's life may be, that surely can have nothing to do with the bump of her imaginative faculty or creative power. But there is no doubt about it that we bring on to the stage an atmosphere of our own. That, I decidedly assert. Whether in a large part or small one, the peculiar personal characteristics that we possess will show themselves.

In a paper read before the Social Science Congress some time ago, I said "It is pleasanter to think that when the curtain has fallen, and the actor or actress is at home, he or she leads or is capable of leading the same kind of life." I meant by this, if any one had been playing some great and noble character that evening, and stirring all the better and grander emotions in our nature, we, the public, who had been, for the time, carried out of our own lives, could reflect with satisfaction on the artiste, who had been gifted with so much power! In this instance I make myself one of the public. I wear for the moment my crown as "Matron of the Drama"!

Old Absolute tells his son Jack to get an atmosphere of his own. There is no doubt that we all have our own atmospheres and suns: We do not drop them when we go into a drawing-room or into a dining-room; therefore how can we possibly drop them when we are on the stage? This is all I mean, nothing more. After all, it's only my opinion. (I call these papers "Dramatic Opinions," that, if I say anything likely to wound, I may be forgiven. I set down naught in malice, gentle reader; believe them not when they tell you I do!) A man may put on a moustache and whiskers, but there he is underneath. A woman has even greater drawbacks. She cannot put on whiskers and moustachios, and be like the "bearded pard"; she must always have within close limits the same appearance. That is where a woman's work is so much more *difficile* than a man's, because a man can outwardly entirely change himself. So complete is the transformation sometimes, that I have seen an actor come on the stage whom I knew extremely well, personally, and I have not recognized him at all, until he began to speak.

There are several amateurs whose make-ups are wonderful,

but directly they open their mouths their voices naturally betray them. Very few established, recognized actors can play a whole part in a feigned voice. There are, of course, some who can do it, but as a rule the *voice* betrays. And as we can but very seldom sustain a feigned voice or give ourselves a different voice, so, in my opinion, we cannot give ourselves a different soul or a different body. We must come upon the stage as we are created. The power of our creative faculties and imagination may do much for us, but we *are* what we are ; and again, I say, we bring our own atmosphere with us.

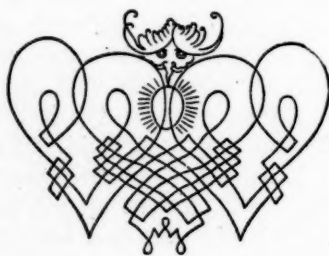
Of course, people will say that to be a great artist you should be able to put yourself and your feelings entirely on one side, and think only of the part. For instance, some people are very angry when one sheds real tears. There have been a great many arguments on this point. They say you must make the audience feel, and yet not cry yourself ; and there is no doubt one can overpower even one's own power by shedding too many tears, and by allowing one's feeling to overcome the more intellectual idea of the part. But it is a great blessing to a woman to have a good cry, and if some parts admit of it, where is the harm? Surely to see real tears in a situation where real tears would have sprung to the eyes, must, for the time, give the audience the pleasure of feeling that the actress is, at any rate, in her part, even if at that particular moment, poor thing! she may have failed signally in arousing sympathy in the hearts of those who look at her.

The orchestra is a great part of theatrical life. Mr. Buckstone always asked the opinion of the orchestra concerning a play which he was going to produce. As a rule, the orchestra is not called into a theatre at rehearsals until the play is to some extent smooth, and then, perhaps the last week or two, the orchestra comes in and plays the incidental music. The men of the orchestra have not been tired by seeing the play rehearsed, scene by scene and act by act, and therefore they come fresh to it. This circumstance, I suppose, induced Mr. Buckstone always—during the last rehearsal—to advance to the orchestra and say, "Now, gentlemen, what do you think of the piece?" If it were a comedy and the orchestra were heard to laugh, Mr. Buckstone always said, "This is all right, the orchestra see it and hear it for the first time, and it is all right." Or if the cornet player raised himself from his seat to stand and look at a pathetic scene, Buckstone would turn round and say,

"Ah, that is all right, the pit will like that." Mr. Buckstone had much belief in the judgment of the orchestra. I remember a certain leader of the orchestra once listening to a poetical play, and the author for a moment forgot his dignity and asked him, "What do you think of that?" The leader of the orchestra was a timid little man, frightened to death of the author, and he turned round suddenly and said, "Oh, it is better than Shakspeare!"

In some theatres—indeed in most of the large provincial theatres—the band plays the audience out until it disperses, as they do in church. Whether or not that is good, I do not venture to say. I think the orchestra is a very great aid to any dramatic action. People so love music, that unless it is dragged in injudiciously, I think it must always be an immense help to the audience. I like to see an orchestra; but as I so seldom sit among the audience, I do not think I am in a position to speak on this point. But it is a great help to me to hear a little music, and it seems to me a relief to my own voice, of which, if I have a very long part, I sometimes weary.

*(To be continued.)*



## The Minister of Kindrach.

### CHAPTER VII.

DAVID'S interview with Mrs. Dewar the following day was productive of many tears, and frequent repetitions of the conviction that she—Mrs. Dewar—considered Silvia “an unnatural child,” “an ungrateful girl,” and “a disgrace to her family.” Her sympathies were wholly given to David—as he had been grimly aware, from the commencement of this unfortunate affair, they would be. He had not been Mrs. Dewar's spiritual adviser and intimate acquaintance for all these years without taking her measure to a nicety. He made no mention of his suspicions concerning John White (he still entertained suspicions, notwithstanding Silvia's communication respecting the attitude of John White towards her cousin May), or of the remarkably aggressive attitude Mrs. Porter had chosen to adopt; he attributed Silvia's unaccountable change towards him, and her desire to end the engagement existing between them, entirely to a giddiness and loss of sense brought about by the foolishness, frivolity, and worldliness of her late surroundings. Insensibly he left the impression on Mrs. Dewar's bewildered mind that now, in the quiet, wholesome, God-fearing atmosphere of Kindrach, to which he had so promptly restored the straying lamb, things would recover their balance—would even be as they were before this fateful visit to London. He knew that he had planted the germs of this hope in Mrs. Dewar's mind, and though he had calmly and firmly abandoned all thought of making Silvia his wife, still he left Mrs. Dewar in undisturbed possession of the consoling fancy, knowing that through that alone could he hope to count on her co-operation in the just and righteous punishment it was meet that Silvia should undergo. He had heard and heeded those oft-repeated words Mrs. Porter had let fall between her farewell kisses and embraces—all bearing on the one idea of the

restoration of Silvia to the unholy joys of Lancaster Gate, after the complete annihilation of the obnoxious and persistent suitor. He was grimly determined that no such triumph should be theirs. He told himself firmly that for Silvia to return to London meant a return to sinfulness, and careless oblivion of her soul's welfare ; therefore, as a minister, he was bound to do his utmost to rescue her, even against her will, from such terrible consequences. This he believed with all sincerity and solemnity from the "minister's" point of view ; but the "man" underlay the "minister," and in his heart he knew that the carnal passions of jealousy, anger, revenge, had more to say in the matter than the holy tenderness of a pitiful desire to save and sustain the stumbling steps of a straying sinner.

Silvia met her mother's peevish, tearful outburst of anger and remonstrance in that spirit of stubborn silence she had called to her aid, and bewildered Mrs. Dewar even further by refusing to say one word on the subject. Her elder sisters, a little jealous of the pretty things she had brought back with her, and irritated by a certain undefinable air of superiority—a sense of removal from their orbit—which she unconsciously displayed, joined cause against her, and sided with their mother and David. Therefore she retired still further into herself, maintaining inviolable her attitude of dignified reserve, which a little tenderness and pity, or kindly interest, would have soon swept aside.

The letter Mrs. Porter wrote to her sister about Silvia's affairs served only to still further bewilder that unfortunate woman. It contained much that was not flattering to the Minister of Kindrach ; it spoke of Silvia's youth, and the natural desire of youth to see the world, and be seen by the world ; it contrasted, in a forcible sentence or two, the delights of London with the paleness of existence at Kindrach, and the unnaturalness of condemning such a pretty young thing as Silvia to such an existence by permitting her to tie herself permanently to David Fairfax. But there was nothing in the letter to induce Mrs. Dewar to reconsider the matter, or adopt any other view than the one David had already provided her with. It was all very well for her sister to talk in that strain ; but here was Silvia throwing away the chance of a good husband, and a comfortable home—and for what ? Just for nothing. Young people no doubt liked all that London and Mrs. Porter could give them, but in this case this particular young person might easily be very content with all that Kindrach and David Fairfax offered.



If her sister liked to take Silvia altogether, very well and good ; but no allusion was made to any scheme of that sort—in the meantime she was not going to permit her daughter to throw away the comfortable substance of a respectable, solid marriage, for the very shadowy advantages offered by an occasional visit to her Aunt Porter. At the Cottage, life, therefore, scarcely “flowed in harmonious cadence.” It was too often, to quote the gentle Cowper,

“Roughened by those cataracts and breaks,  
Which humour interposed, too often makes.”

Much tearful, impotent, and violent discussion broke the harmony which had, on the whole, been hitherto fairly complete, if not altogether perfect. At the Manse things were hardly better, though there was no undignified display of futile temper. Aunt Muir’s ceaseless “wonderings,” which she dared only express to Janet, remained for ever unsatisfied, for David entered into none but the barest explanations. Mrs. Dewar, when adroitly questioned by Aunt Muir skirmishing for information, relapsed into tears and vagueness. Silvia never came near them, and scarcely spoke if they chanced to meet, and took pains that these chance meetings should be of the rarest.

The world of Kindrach looked on and wondered, but by degrees a conclusion was adopted. “It will be just a lovers’ quarrel,” they thought consolingly, and as time went on the subject lost its first interest and slipped into the background of public affairs, the question whether Janet Muir would or would not become Mrs. James McKenna taking the more prominent place.

Aunt Muir was sitting in the summer twilight by the open window of the house-place, through which the smell of freshly-cut hay, and the fragrance of flowers wet with the evening dew, came stealing sweetly. She was idle for once, with her ever-busy hands folded on her capacious white gown, furtively watching David walking slowly and thoughtfully up and down between the window and fireplace filled by Janet with newly gathered bracken. As he approached her for the fourth or fifth time, she flung back her broad ribbon cap-strings and gave her head a small toss.

“Ye’ve no had the curiosity to ask hoo the warld has been treating us whilst ye were awa up in the town yonder?” she said with some meaning.

“Nay,” returned David sarcastically. “Has onything wonderfu’ happened? things look verra ordinary to me!”

"Oh aye, things look," retorted his aunt enigmatically; "but whiles things happen."

"Aye, aye!" returned David with a sigh, thinking of all that had befallen him in the short enclosure of one week. "Aye, aye!" he repeated gloomily.

"It's just James McKenna and Janet," his aunt hastened to say, her mystery and enigmas taking to themselves wings at sight of his gloom. David raised his head with all his old alert keenness.

"An' what about James McKenna and Janet?" he asked quickly.

"It's no onything to be angered aboot, David," said Aunt Muir a little uncertainly, "it's what we may all be proud and glad to hear. He has askit her hand in marriage."

Aunt Muir brought out her last sentence with formal solemnity and precision.

"An Janet?" queried David.

"Janet has'na said her say yet. She will give no answer until he returns frae Inverness. Ye ken he's heard o' a fine Kirk there, and has gone to preach his trial sermon?"

Aunt Muir continued speaking, entering discursively into the minutest details of her daughter's love affair, whilst her nephew resumed his heavy, aimless walk in deep silence.

He spoke to Janet a little later on the subject. She was setting the table for supper, stepping about in the quiet deft way so familiar to him, but striking him to-night with the peculiar force of a fresh revelation.

The blood rushed to her fair smooth forehead when James McKenna's name passed his lips, but she replied to all he had to say with great composure, though at the same time tacitly declining to enter into any confidences on the subject. So reticent and composed was she, in fact, that David grew angry, and rushed into another matter which had rankled in his mind against her for some time.

"What ailed ye to give m'ah mother's chain to Siller? Ah should ha' thought if ye did'na value it as a present from me—which was scarcely to be expectit, ye would have set some store by it seein' it was hers. Ye wouldn't have been much out o' pocket if ye had bought Siller some little thing, instead o' just handin' her m'ah mother's chain."

He had grown angry, partly with the gathering force of his own argument and partly also because he recollected sundry

little tender passages to which he had descended on the occasion of the presentation of the chain—that his cousin should have shown herself so carelessly oblivious of his condescension wounded him not a little. Janet's eyes filled with sudden tears. The little discussion respecting James McKenna had been extremely painful and trying, and now the terrible view David was taking of her little sacrificial offering at the shrine of his future wife was too much. That he should think she did it out of a spirit of niggardly penurious economy!

"I gave Siller the chain," she said gently, "*because* it was your mither's. It seemed to me to belong to her naturally. Ye ken, David," raising her soft grey eyes clouded with tears, "ye have done me an injustice to say I did it to save money."

"Ah ken nothing," he retorted crossly, vexed with himself for causing his cousin's rare tears, and half disposed to confess his aimless irritability and bring back her ordinary placidity by some little cousinly caress—a pat on the hand, or shoulder. He had never kissed her since his return from college, a raw-boned, half-fledged young man, considering himself too old to indulge in such antics. "Ah ken naething, naething at a' about wimmin an' their tricky ways. They're just enigmas, an, m'ah wurd! enigmas not worth solving."

His anger and irritability were aroused very easily in these days.

This was the first slap in the face dealt him by Fortune, and she dealt it with hearty goodwill. He had lost his promised wife, and was about to lose his gentle cousin, and, worse still, he had lost his self-respect. His conscience was burdened with an uneasy sense of guilt, such as he had never before experienced, and it affected his whole life. His work about the farm lost its interest. His intercourse with his parishioners, the whole work of the ministry was touched and suffered by this deadening consciousness of sin, nursed, fed, and kept warm with unceasing care, and, as week followed week it wrapped his spirit in a closer, more stifling embrace. He had been very ardent in the preparation of his Sabbath discourses. The emphatic prayers he poured forth in Kirk had been a source of joy and comfort to himself as well as to his people, and though there had always perhaps been a sense of effort in his endeavours, it had only served to stimulate him to overcome any and every obstacle; but now all that was changed. The effort remained—the stimulus had departed—and as time went on a certain deadness

and coldness in their pastor's ministrations became apparent to his congregation. He was conscious of the severely critical attitude adopted of late by his Elders, and this knowledge hampered his painful exertions even further. And there came a Sabbath—a never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath—when, distrusting his failing powers, he had been compelled to commit the whole of his discourse to paper, and stood up in his pulpit, for the first time, to preach a *written sermon*. His eyes fell, almost abashed, when he saw the startled look in Janet's face as she caught sight of the closely-written MS. from their pew beside the pulpit. Few if any other eyes noticed the dreadful evidence of his weakness, but David felt desperately as if the climax had been reached. What lay beyond the climax he was dully unable to say.

James McKenna did not succeed in obtaining the Kirk at Inverness, and for some weeks little more was heard of him ; but one day he returned to Kindrach—very red, bashful, and full of hope. He had obtained the pastorship of a very fine Kirk in Aberdeen. He and Janet had a long interview in the best parlour, from which the young minister emerged, pale, erect, silent, and hopeless. Janet seized a shawl and fled from the house, though it was still early in the day and all her work lay unfinished, but she felt she must be alone. It had been dreadful to her gentle nature to inflict such suffering as she and the best parlour had witnessed that morning. She doubted now the wisdom of her silence—she ought at once to have said that she could not be his wife. But she had feared the refusal coming on the eve of his ordeal at Inverness would perhaps render him unfit to preach the sermon, upon which so much depended, effectually. Now she saw her deferred answer had given the young man much false hope and confidence. With eyes full of tears, and a heart very sore and tender, troubled by the woes of poor red-headed James McKenna, she walked swiftly away from the Manse, away from the road to civilization on to the moors.

She was not the only distressed human being who sought the soothing influence of the silent moors. Silvia's heart-sick spirit drove her there day after day. Besides the weariness of her complete isolation, and the petty strife arising from her rupture with David, she had another and far surpassing trouble. She had returned—or rather been forcibly restored to Kindrach by David late in June ; it was now August, and *he* had not come.

Letters from London had been very rare, though very kind, chatty and discursive, when they did come, with always that dim far-off suggestion (in the postscript), that Silvia was to return *some day*. She had written in reply several of her vague, childish, half-expressed little notes to her aunt, conveying the intelligence in indifferent English, and still more indifferent spelling—that she was no longer engaged to David Fairfax, and that her mother was very angry, and that they were all very unkind, and that she was very unhappy. But very shortly after her niece's abrupt departure Mrs. Porter had been completely absorbed in her daughter's affairs, which gradually reached a crisis, after a considerable period of doubt, disorder, and distress, and Silvia's piteous little communications received but scant attentions. The crisis in Miss Porter's affairs was reached a little while before the event which drove Janet bareheaded, and with all her day's work neglected, on to the moors. Silvia had that morning received the first intelligence of the consummation of her cousin's hopes—the mail cart, which visited Kindrach every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, had—this especial day being Monday—deposited James McKenna at the Manse, and a letter for Silvia at the Cottage. She never showed these occasional letters to her mother and sisters, but read them in solitude, jealously guarding any intrusion into the sacred precincts of that precious memory, and they, looking upon that visit to London as the undoing of Silvia, somewhat ostentatiously, and with noses virtually tilted in the air, expressed no curious desire to penetrate the mysteries these letters possibly revealed. On this occasion, however, Silvia, after reading her aunt's letter in the privacy of her own little room, took it with flushed eagerness to her mother. It contained, besides the news of May's engagement to and approaching marriage with John White, the long-deferred invitation she had desired so ardently. She was to come to town, as soon as possible, so the letter said, and be one of May's bridesmaids. Her aunt, as before, undertaking all expenses.

"I may go, mother," she urged, "may I not?" Mrs. Dewar's upper lip lengthened ominously. She was uncertain, and a little bewildered as usual; her two elder daughters were out, and, left to her own unaided efforts, decision was difficult. She became severely stern, relapsed into some curious questionings respecting the Porters and their ways—then, ashamed of her weakness, she waived decision until she had learnt what "the others" had to say. "The others," Silvia knew, represented David solely. Her



sisters' small hostilities would have had but little weight or duration but for that invisible force at work in the background. David pulled the strings, she was fully aware, and her mother and sisters danced like puppets in obedience to his turns and twists. She rushed feverishly off to the moors, longing for complete solitude wherein she could consider calmly. What could she do? She felt tied and bound by the unseen but galling chain David had skilfully cast about her life. It was ridiculous, it was absurd, it was humiliating that she could take no step to right or left without his permission, but that such was the case she dumbly acknowledged, as an undeniable, insurmountable fact. All she had to consider now was—was it not possible to get beyond the reach of this intangible wearying bondage? Two ways presented themselves to her imagination, as she walked rapidly over the springy turf, gathering sprigs of heather, merely to crush the tiny blossoms in her nervous meditateness. The first attracted her most, but she put it aside as a last resource; the second was distasteful in the extreme, and would in all probability be wholly ineffectual. It resolved itself into the question. "Should she appeal to David and ask consideration at his hands?"

Surely he was content now? Surely his desire to punish her for her behaviour towards him must be amply satisfied? But the thought of re-opening that old question, of recalling that dreadful experience, was terrible to her; and yet on the other hand far more terrible was the idea of being compelled to decline her aunt's invitation and thus lose her only chance of meeting Mr. Willett. True there was that other alternative she had thought of, but it was rather a desperate remedy, and she would prefer trying first the effect of an appeal to David's better feelings. It was at this point in her reflections that she and Janet met out alone on the open moors; with their hurrying contrasting tumult of thoughts as wide as the poles asunder, and yet thrown together by a common bond of humanity—suffering.

Silvia's was a wholly subjective state; herself and her own needs occupying the limited area of her mental horizon. Janet's completely objective, entangled entirely in the needs of those around her. The primary object on which she was expending herself at this moment being James McKenna.

"Siller," she said gently, not knowing what attitude the girl would take. "Siller, will ye no speak to me?"



Silvia had meditated maintaining her reserve and coldness of demeanour, but something in Janet's gentle wistfulness made her throw it aside.

"Oh, Janet!" she said, holding out both hands, "oh, Janet, I am so miserable!"

Janet drew her close with a tender, almost motherly clasp. No appeal for sympathy failed to touch at once her warm, loving nature. She soothed, patted, and consoled the girl with those little words, and motions, and half-articulate sounds women use with children in distress, and as Silvia felt a sensation of comfort stealing into her sad little soul, and abandoned herself more fully to the delight of being once again made much of, the thought of constituting Janet her ambassador came into her head. Without waiting to consider the question further, she put the matter before Janet in her own incoherent, excited way.

"Oh, Janet, it's David!" she said. "Ask him to forgive me—tell him I'm sorry—oh, so very, very sorry, but ask him to forget all that has passed, and forgive me now. If he only knew what I have suffered all these weeks; and oh, Janet! I have suffered—agony, torture! I am so thin! You would never believe how thin I have become. My dresses absolutely hang in bags—and I can't sleep at night; and the days are so lonely and wretched. They are all so cross with me at home about David, and I know I deserve it every bit; but if he would only let bygones be bygones? Ask him, Janet, will you?—will you?"

Janet's pats, and little smoothings had grown less and less, and finally ceased as this rapid request was laid before her. She looked earnestly into Silvia's eager face.

"You should ask that at his hands yourself, Siller; it's not my place to interfere."

"Oh! it's not interference, it's not interference!" broke out Silvia, passionately, afraid that Janet was going to decline the mission of ambassador. "He thinks so much of you and what you say, and will listen to you when he wouldn't hear a word from me. He is too angry with me; I can't go on living like this! Oh, Janet, please say yes!"

It ended in Janet's saying *yes*, but Silvia little guessed what it cost her.

## CHAPTER VIII.

These last few weeks had thrown David and Janet into a closer confidence and intimacy than they had known during all the preceding years they had lived together. She had been so patient with his unreasonable fits of anger and irritation; so soothing in his moments of depression, so upholding in this time of weakness generally. And all this he had recognised, for once, fully. She, on her side, had felt he turned to her, confided in her, looked for her assistance, and the knowledge temporarily exalted her out of her ordinary state of sweet humility. Beneath his gracious acceptance of what she had to offer her nature expanded, enlarged. She was different, and knew that she was different. Her love for him had grown with her growth, and could not now be calmly pressed into the background as she had so pressed it when he brought Siller to the Manse and re-introduced her as his future wife. His love for Silvia, which she had never believed very profound, seemed now to have wholly disappeared under the strain of this strange misunderstanding which had arisen in London, and which no one appeared to be able to fathom. And Silvia's love for David, on the other hand, she had reckoned a light ephemeral passing delight in the dignity of an engagement. Now she acknowledged that she must have been mistaken. Silvia evidently loved him; but it was hard, oh, how hard! that she must plead to David to restore this pretty tearful child to the place which Janet's heart told her she could fill far more satisfactorily. But here a new fear assailed her. She had complacently assured herself as to Silvia's lack of affection for David, and how mistaken she had been! Might she not be equally mistaken in the view she had chosen to adopt with regard to David's feelings for Silvia?

For long she fought and struggled. Why should she move in the matter at all? David and Silvia had marred their own affairs unaided, let them mend them unaided. It was the hardest difficulty yet presented to her among the complex enigmas of life—but through all the vain reasonings and questionings, through all the pain and longing, as the dream of the last few weeks crumbled and vanished, she knew very well that she would do her best for Silvia Dewar. Pity, duty to God and her neighbour, pride, even her very love for the man urged it upon her and pointed out the path she should tread.

She went straight to the little room David used as a sort of study and workshop combined, directly she reached the Manse ; no trace of the conflict she had passed through about her except perhaps in the stillness and quiet of her manner.

He was in his shirt-sleeves, sawing vigorously at a bit of wood, destined for a bookshelf. He continued his work at first while she spoke—the scratching and rasping of the saw against the tough plank seeming to reach Janet's very brain. But as he gathered what she was speaking about he ceased, and straightening himself, stood listening intently as with simple directness she laid Silvia's request before him, adding a few gentle words of her own on behalf of the girl whose cause she was advocating. The interview ended without Janet's being able to say what attitude David intended adopting. But that he was pleased she knew by the expression of dominant triumph. He made no remark, however, as Janet left him. A little later the saw began to work again with renewed energy, and presently David's deep, toneless voice was heard gruffly accompanying the even rhythmic motions of the saw with fragmentary portions of "Auld Lang Syne," the only tune he knew. Listening to his long-drawn-out rendering of the mournful old song, Janet knew that he was more than pleased. She turned away to pick up her neglected duties, and in the scouring of milk-pans and dusting of furniture find what solace she could. Silvia, with instinctive faith in Janet, returned to the Cottage, waited all that afternoon and the best part of the following day for David's appearance. In the evening he came—having delayed so as to avoid any suspicion of over-anxiety on his part for reconciliation. Mrs. Dewar and her two elder daughters established themselves in the kitchen, after sending Silvia, at David's request, to him alone in the parlour. They waited with a sense of pleased anticipation, expecting much from this interview ; whispering together and listening for stray sounds from the parlour.

"Janet has given me your message," he said, and Silvia through all her nervousness was a little surprised by the air of triumph which pervaded the man like an invisible atmosphere ; though his manner was quiet and ponderous as usual.

In truth David was triumphant. Silvia's obduracy had acted on him like a sting, an irritating insect bite ; he had been amazed at the stubborn tenacity she had shown, at the power of resistance she had developed—her capitulation, therefore, was all the more agreeable. That she should have taken the

initiative in London and desired a termination of their relationship had also galled him. Through sheer obstinacy he had held her to her word, and so lost the opportunity of withdrawing with dignity as he had proposed doing when, what he considered, the right moment came; but Silvia had forestalled him. Now the tables appeared to be on the turn—the long-delayed vindication of his dignity approached within measurable distance.

"Yes," said Silvia in answer to his remark. "Yes," she said, adding nervously, "and you will let bygones be bygones?"

"To a certain point a'm willing," he said cautiously. "M'ah forgiveness and my friendship I can honestly promise to extend to ye, Siller, but after what happened at your Aunt Porter's there can be no taking up of the old relations. Ah canna bring myself yet quite to forget some o' the wurd's ye spoke then! there can be no question of marriage, ye understand—no renewal——"

"Marriage!" she cried, affronted at the tone he was taking, and heedlessly throwing aside the humbly submissive role she had intended playing. "What are you talking about? Have I not made you understand yet how I hate the very thought of that odious engagement? It isn't marriage, or—or—anything of that sort. I only want you to stop persecuting me as you have been doing, to leave my mother and sisters alone, and not thrust yourself into our affairs, turning them against me, and making my life wretched. You know you have done this," she asserted vehemently, her eyes bright and angry. "If you call *that* being good, and doing your duty, and acting like a Christian, I don't—I call it mean, underhand, cowardly!"

Mrs. Dewar, hearing the sound of Silvia's raised, indignant voice, thought she had better interpose the restraining influence of a third party, and at this point entered the parlour; Silvia recognizing that, through her loss of temper, she had, as it were, burnt her boats, determined that she would fling David, and David's galling supremacy to the winds. A conciliatory course was no longer possible—she could hope for nothing now at his hands—therefore she indulged herself by letting loose unrestrainedly all her pent-up feeling in a tirade which fairly frightened her amazed mother, though it left David apparently as impenetrably unmoved as ever, though she recapitulated her situation and left it very evident that—if no one else had seen through him and his course of action—she had, and that she was fully alive to the despicableness of such a man.

"Whatever happens, you, and you alone, are to blame." With which last remark levelled full at David she left the room and fled upstairs.

Mrs. Dewar had to be restored to her normal condition by the united efforts of Lesbia, Kate, and the teapot; but her nerves remained shaky, or, as she expressed it, "twitchy," for the rest of the evening; therefore when Silvia, with a pale face and a look of set determination, appealed once more to be allowed to accept her aunt's invitation, it was scarcely surprising that Mrs. Dewar's poor "twitchy" nerves could bear no further excitement without giving way. They did give way gustily and unreasonably, the upshot being a very emphatic denial of Silvia's petition.

Janet dimly gathered from David's austerity and gloom that he and Silvia had not come to a satisfactory understanding.

On the following Wednesday night, the three inhabitants of the Manse were seated as usual in the parlour. Supper was over, prayers had been read. And in this, the last half-hour before bed-time, they were enjoying the peaceful rest of a concluded day. David was smoking, Janet knitting a little idly, and Aunt Muir was reading aloud with much gusto, her spectacles at the extreme top of her nose, bits from the bi-weekly paper left by the mail-cart that afternoon. Into their midst, without any ceremony of knocking for admittance, suddenly broke Kate Dewar, with a shawl thrown hastily over her head. Of all the Dewars, Kate was the only one who could go directly to the point of the matter without much vague circumlocution.

"Have you seen anything of Silvia?" she cried, panting a little after her run up the cobbled road from the Cottage. "Mother is almost frantic; she went out directly after dinner on the moors as usual, and she has not returned yet."

They were all roused at once, Aunt Muir being especially eager and excited.

"Eh, m'ah wurd! the moors in this awfu meest!" she cried.

It was the expression of the fear they all felt. During the latter part of the afternoon a white, impenetrable, almost suffocating cloud of mist had been creeping stealthily across the moors, and for some hours had blotted out all trace of track or landmark. David went to the door; nothing but waving, shadowy, ghostly whiteness could be seen.

"Eh, my patience!" ejaculated Aunt Muir, peering over his shoulder, "its awfu!"

"If it hadn't been for the lights in the cottages I couldn't

have found my way even this little distance," said Kate, with a touch of awe and dread in her tone.

Janet brought David's plaid and cap to him quietly, action with her always accompanying thought, and fitted a couple of candles into the lanterns; then wrapping herself in a heavy plaid, she, David, and Kate started down the irregular street leading to the Cottage, leaving Aunt Muir and "Auld Betty" to bustle about, lighting roaring fires, and filling the boilers, in vague anticipation of a sudden call later on for hot water and heated blankets. Janet came in about twelve, bringing poor distracted Mrs. Dewar and the two frightened girls with her; but David, with half the population of Kindrach, remained out on the moors searching for the missing girl all that night and the next day. Late in the evening he came back to the Manse, for a few hours' rest, looking strained and weary. Mrs. Dewar, who had been oscillating between hope and despair, fell upon him with tears and ejaculations.

"Oh David, my child!" she cried between her sobs. "It's a just punishment for our hardness and cruelty to her all these weeks. Have you no news—none?" lifting her faded eyes to his, so like the lost Silvia's, dimmed and dull with incessant weeping, "then she is dead. She cannot have lived out in that terrible cold mist all night, or she has fallen in Kindrach bog! I cannot forgive myself. I never shall, or you either, David Fairfax," turning with a little faint burst of weak rage upon him. "If it hadn't been for you I should have been kinder to the child; between us we have driven her to her death!"

Janet took her away gently, and persuaded her to lie down on the wide old settle, and set her mother to try and soothe the poor thing's distraction.

When David prepared to set out once again to continue the search which began to look so hopeless, Janet pulled her plaid about her.

"We have been in separate parties over the moor for many miles," he said gloomily, drawing his cap over his eyes. "Dinna come, Janet, ye can do no good."

"Ah, let me, David," she said; and as he made no reply, she stepped out of the house beside him. She never forgot the eerie loneliness of their solitary night tramp, broken with occasional pauses for short rests. Now and then they met some of the other searchers, but no one had any news of the missing Silvia. So the night wore on, and dawn was breaking in a tremulous glow of faintly tinted pearly light as they neared the Kindrach bog.



They were not far from home, as they had taken a circuitous way, and Janet remembered, with a little rush of pain, that it was here Silvia had made her promise to intercede with David. How small the feelings which possessed her then, looked now in comparison with this very real dread which lay at her heart!

The path, a mere sheep track, ran parallel with the long stretch of treacherous green morass, its smooth surface broken here and there, showing a thick, clinging ooze of black absorbing mud. There were ghastly memories in the minds of some of the older inhabitants connected with the name of Kindrach bog; do what she would, Janet could not drive the stories she had heard from childhood out of her remembrance. Silvia was well acquainted with the geography of Kindrach bog; but in that enveloping mist and after nightfall what might not have happened? Walking a little behind David she kept glancing fearfully ahead, beset with dreads she would not analyse. Suddenly she sprang past David, who had stopped to put out the candle in the lantern, no longer necessary as the dawn brightened. She came back to him, a look of horror in her white face.

"It's Siller's," she said, holding up a sodden bit of blue silk; "it's her neckerchief." She recalled, with a sensation of sick dizziness, seeing it last round Silvia's throat. Whilst listening to Silvia's request, she remembered perfectly the desire her neat fingers had felt to straighten and tidy the straying bows and ends of this same blue tie. David took it from her, looking at it curiously; as if it could tell him anything? then his gaze strayed to the waving grasses of the green bog, touched by the first light of day with a dewy peaceful beauty. Then his eye met Janet's.

"Nae, nae, David!" she cried hastily, "not that; she just dropped it in passing; see it was the ither side o' the path among this bit heather. Sit down, David, ye're fair tired out; just rest a wee while, and think afterwards."

She spoke, scarcely knowing what she said, driven by the misery, the fear, and despair in his eyes. He sat down heavily, and buried his face in his hands, the bit of blue draggled silk he held waving limply in the fresh early breeze, the lantern overturned at his feet.

Janet walked away along the path, peering among the bracken and stunted heather fringing the bog, for signs of she knew not what, her plaid held tightly round her. She came back presently

to David and sat down on the low bank beside him without speaking, something in his attitude prevented speech. Mechanically she stooped and righted the overturned lantern.

David was passing through an experience the remembrance of which touched his whole later life, but he was conscious only of Silvia. Silvia pictured vividly in his imagination in her white ball-dress, lovely, radiant, full of life—and Silvia lying somewhere beneath that hideous greenness, with the black ooze matting her fair hair, and weighing on her closed white lids—closed for ever. And he felt he was her murderer.

"We are no sure, David," said Janet, gently touching his arm. "Dinna mek up your mind that Siller has fallen into Kindrach bog." She clothed his dreadful fear in words, thinking it best to face the matter quietly.

"She is there," he said doggedly, without looking up. "God has punished m'ah sin in this way."

After a short silence he added, looking up drearily, "Janet, m'ah woman, ye dinna ken what a load ah've been labouring under these weeks past—a load of sin! I chose deliberately to satisfy the guilty desires o' m'ah earthly nature—I a minister of God! and this is ma'h punishment; it's maist mair than ah can bear," he groaned.

Janet began to speak, but he interrupted her sadly.

'Nae, nae, ye dinna ken, ye dinna ken, m'ah woman; but ah'll tell ye all—and judge then if m'ah sin has no been great and grievous?" With great force and emphasis, his face working painfully as he revealed each episode marking his downward career, he related clearly, not only the events of the past weeks, but their influence on his mind, and the manner in which he had deliberately succumbed to those influences. He left out no jot or tittle, but revealed the whole unsparingly: the shock to his pride; his bitterness towards the Porters for their insensibility to his greatness; his jealousy of John White; the dislike and disgust Silvia had aroused in him; the primary reasons of malice and revenge which made him force Silvia's return to Kindrach; his culpable deceit towards Mrs. Dewar, so as to insure her help in carrying out that revenge adequately—all was laid bare. He even went so far back as his first lover-like advances in Silvia's direction, and acknowledged that it was more the feeling of the Dewars' importance in the village, and Silvia's unrivalled prettiness, which prompted his proposals—more pride and vain-glory, in fact, than love.

For a moment Janet shrank before the revelation. Shrank from the sin of it all. To her simple, clear, unswerving conception of morality, which defined right and wrong with broad white and black lines, without any intermediate shadings, it was Sin. In her mind there was no blurring or indistinctness of outline, no shades and grades of feeling; it was sin—but oh! how her heart ached for the sinner! And that it should be David! David, the embodiment to her of strength, and wisdom, and spiritual power! Long after that day Janet remembered the sense of bewildered upheaval her soul sustained at David's confession: but for David, even amidst all this shock and bewilderment, she had nothing but words of tenderest pity, and gentle counsel offered with so much delicacy and hesitancy that a melancholy satisfaction and sense of tempered relief slowly took the place of his just bitterness.

For long they sat, with Kindrach bog spreading its smiling greenness at their feet; but David remarking suddenly the weariness and pallor in Janet's face, with a touch of his old peremptoriness drew her plaid about her, and taking her by the arm walked her back to the Manse.

The little clue the sodden bit of blue silk gave must be followed up later, but for the immediate present both he and Janet needed rest sorely. For two nights and a day they had been living in a state of mental and physical strain; nothing could be done further until the balance was restored somewhat.

At the gate of the Manse the whole of Kindrach seemed to have gathered—an excited, gesticulating crowd. Aunt Muir, sobbing wildly—for she had found the post of comforter-in-chief to poor fractious Mrs. Dewar no sinecure, and now relief had come she had given way—thrust a bit of pale pink paper into David's face.

"She is up in the town yonder, the wicked hussey! The Lord be thankit! she's safe, bless her, dear lamb!" she ejaculated incoherently.

Mrs. Dewar was receiving with much dignity the congratulations of the baker, one of David's Elders, while Lesbia and Kate flung themselves on Janet.

"She ran away!" exclaimed Kate; "mother wouldn't let her go to Aunt Porter's, so she just ran away." There was a tone of subdued admiration in her voice.

The telegram from Mrs. Porter, which David held, announced the safe arrival of the runaway. Janet, comprehending the

relief, the complete relaxation of his tense feeling, to the amazement of them all, fell to weeping almost as wildly as her mother, until David put one of his great hands on her shoulder gently. He alone understood the nature of her sudden weakness.

"Dinna, Janet," he said in a low tone, "dinna greet, m'ah woman, ah'm no worth it."

\* \* \* \* \*

It has been observed that when every one can see how a story will end, that story is virtually ended. The Minister of Kindrach, however, does not yet see the conclusion of his late experience; but all Kindrach is elbowing, and nudging, and winking, and nodding, with portentous knowingness.

A few Sundays after Silvia's audacious feat—which, in some inscrutable fashion, added yet another reason for the elevation of the Dewars in public opinion—he preached a sermon, which roused his congregation to much animated, controversial discussion, and relighted the well-nigh extinguished flames of veneration and admiration in the breasts of his four Elders. His text being,

"Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

\* \* \* \* \*

Aunt Muir's curiosity is still hungering for satisfaction; she has not yet learnt all the details of that fatal visit to London, though she shrewdly guesses that Janet knows all the circumstances. And she endeavours to corner her daughter into admissions by simple adroitness.

"Eh, but the Lord's ways are past findin' out," she observed with a sigh, and a sharp look in Janet's direction.

"I've thought whiles that He has just been dealin' wi' David in His own way wi' regard to Siller and all this unhappy business, showin' him in His mercy that he is no, so to speak, infallible. David is whiles apt to consider he canna mek' mistakes like ither ordinary folk." But Janet baffled her mother's curious researches by quietly declining to enter into any discussions respecting David's infallibility, or the inscrutable workings of the Divine will.

THE END.

## The Railways of Scotland.

### III.—SOME MODERN SPECIALITIES.

THERE is a remarkable similarity between the natural situation of Glasgow and that of London. In each case, a hill, thrown out as a spur from the higher ground behind it, and rising up amidst wide marshes and lagoons surrounding its base, afforded a natural site for a cathedral and the town which grew up under its shadow. In each case a road leads down from the hill to what has for centuries been a bridge, but was once a ford, marking what in the case of London at least was the lowest point at which the river could in early times be crossed, thus constituting the town the natural emporium of the trade of the district. As in London the Strand, so in Glasgow Argyle Street marks the distance to which the river, even in quite modern times, extended inland. In each case, the marshes have left behind them a legacy of fog, which in Glasgow is aggravated, even more than in London, by the smoke of innumerable factory chimneys. Excepting, however, the fog, everything in Glasgow is on a smaller scale. In size and volume of water the Clyde can no more vie with the Thames than St. Mungo's can compare with St. Paul's. But Glasgow has one enormous advantage in return. If the Clyde is narrower, it is also shorter ; and within five-and-twenty miles of Glasgow there is a sea coast, which for beauty and variety can almost claim comparison with Norway itself.

From the very early days of steam travelling, the Clyde has been always in the van of progress. As long ago as 1812, more than two years before ever a steamer had been seen on the Thames, the *Comet*, of 25 tons and 3 horse-power, was plying regularly thrice a week between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh, up one day and down the next. There is now-a-days a whole fleet of vessels, including amongst them the famous

*Columba* and *Iona*, which daily perform the same journey at the present time ; fine large saloon steamers, many of which make nothing of 20 miles an hour ; but for years past the bulk of the traffic has gone by rail as far down as Greenock, and only joined the steamers there. And for the privilege of carrying it (some five-and-twenty miles each way, at a return fare of 2s. 6d. first class and 1s. 6d. third) the three great Scotch railways have long fought their hardest.

The original Greenock line, now the property of the Caledonian, was opened in 1841. Save where it turns inland for a short distance in order to reach Paisley, it follows the course of the river throughout down to its terminus in the heart of the town of Greenock. Except such as may be connected with the sugar trade, there is not much sweetness or light about the town of Greenock ; and, even for Greenock, the lanes through which the passengers had to walk from the train to the steamer were more than usually noisome. But such as they were, residents "down the water" had to put up with them for nearly a quarter of a century. At last the rival company, the Glasgow and South Western, came to the rescue. At enormous expense they formed a new line into Greenock, descending through tunnel from the high ground behind the town on to the shore, where they built a convenient pier adjoining their station. And they had their reward, for they swept away almost the whole of the Caledonian through traffic, and in a single year they have been known to carry to and from the coast over 800,000 passengers, or say every man, woman, and child, in Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock put together ; and this in spite of the fact that the Caledonian was by no means the only competing route. For a company, now merged in the all-absorbing North British, had built a line down the north bank of the Clyde to Helensburgh, while yet another railway, terminating at Wemyss Bay, cut off the great triangle of high ground near whose apex Greenock is situated, and so formed the shortest road to Rothesay and the other places on the Island of Bute. From Wemyss Bay, too, there were steamers to Largs and to Millport, which latter place has recently had a second string to its bow with a ferry service to the new coast railway *via* Ardrossan, while, to crown the whole, the natural route for the very large traffic to the Island of Arran is the steamer service from Ardrossan Harbour, now in connection with the South-Western only, but likely before long to be competed for by the Caledonian also.



As long ago as 1865 the Caledonian saw that they must lose their "coast" traffic, unless they took active steps to retain it; so they obtained powers to continue their line forward to Gourock Bay, some three miles below Greenock. But, like many another necessary enterprise, the scheme was knocked on the head by the great panic of 1866, and the Company were left *minus* their railway, but *plus* the burden of the ownership of Gourock Harbour, to which, of course, they had no access. A year or two back the scheme was revived, and this summer, after burrowing in a tunnel (the longest in Scotland) right under the town of Greenock, and constructing three miles of very heavy banks and cuttings, and a pier a third of a mile in length, at a total expenditure of £600,000, the Caledonian has found its bold stroke rewarded by the recovery of the bulk of the traffic which left it twenty years ago.

And now, after this long introduction, bearing in mind that Glasgow has roughly a seventh of the population of London, and that the Glasgow fares are certainly less than half what we are accustomed to in the south, let us see the provision which is made for the conveyance of Glasgow to the sea-side every afternoon. In each case we will take the crack service. At 4 P.M. the Caledonian sends off a fast train to Gourock, which calls to pick up passengers at Paisley, Port Glasgow, and Greenock. Twelve minutes later an express, which runs through without a stop, starts in pursuit, and, reaching Gourock Pier at 4.52, distributes its passengers among three different steamers which are there in waiting. Two minutes, neither more nor less, is allowed for and occupied by the transfer—no luggage is taken—and at 4.54 all three boats are under weigh, one for Loch Long, a second for the Holy Loch, and a third straight down the Firth for Rothesay, where it is due to arrive at 5.49. In the 97 minutes passengers have travelled 26 miles by train, 14 miles by boat, and have been delayed, not only by a slack through facing-points at Paisley, by collecting tickets at Fort Matilda, and by the transfer at Gourock, but also by calling at four intermediate piers. As this is the last new service, with the newest boats\*

\* The Caledonian had a Bill in Parliament this session to enable them to run steamers of their own. So had the Glasgow and South-Western. The Caledonian Bill was thrown out, and the South-Western was in consequence withdrawn. The splendid new Caledonian boats do not therefore belong to the Railway Company, but to the Caledonian Steam Packet Company, Limited; in other words, a syndicate of Caledonian shareholders with a Caledonian director, Lord Breadalbane, as their chairman. Similarly there is a North

and the most convenient pier, it may no doubt be the smartest, but the others have no need to blush at a comparison.

At 4.10, the North British despatches its express from Queen Street to Craigendoran Pier, outside Helensburgh (also with a slightly slower pick-up train in front), and three minutes after its arrival two steamers set off to distribute its passengers. At 4.20, a second express follows; again a pair of boats are in attendance, so that amongst the four every watering-place can be served with the least possible delay. Meanwhile, at 4.15 and 4.35, a pair of trains have started for the Wemyss Bay line, to connect at the pier with a pair of steamers, the one for Rothesay, the other for Largs and Milport. Last, but by no means least, the South Western has its 4.10 express for Greenock, with its two attendant steamers; its 4.7 for Fairlie Pier and Largs, and its 4.20 for the steamer to Arran *via* Ardrossan. One other South-Western train well deserves mention. The 4.15 to Ayr, one of the heaviest expresses in Great Britain, has no steamboat connection, and no competition either by boat or rail. But for all that, spite of calling at Paisley, "slipping" at Irvine, and collecting tickets at Prestwick, it covers its 40½ miles in the level hour. It should be added that the first-class fare is 5s.—to Brighton, 10 miles further, it is just double—and that Glasgow is chronically grumbling at the amount as extortionate.

In all, 11 trains, and 13 boats in connection, run for the accommodation of passengers leaving Glasgow in the half hour after 4 o'clock. On Saturdays the whole of this elaborate mechanism begins to work some two hours earlier. Needless to say, it has also to be set in motion every morning to get people up to business by half-past nine; while on Mondays, in particular, the crush is so tremendous that a special relief service has to be organized in front of the ordinary daily service. Even so, the train booked to leave Gourock at 8.30 has sometimes had to be despatched in four portions. To show the fierceness and the closeness of the competition, it is perhaps worth while giving some of the results in the form of a table (p. 477).

But it must not be supposed that the railways exert themselves to the utmost every morning and evening only to go to sleep for the rest of the day. On the contrary, the quantity of the

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British Steam Packet Company, Limited, owning the boats which run in connection with North British trains, both on the Clyde and on Loch Lomond.

services is not one whit less remarkable than their quality. There are, according to a local paper which lies before me, 54 passenger steamers calling every day at the not over-famous watering-place of Kilm, and a whole bevy of extra boats on Saturdays and Mondays. Most of them are to and from the different railway piers, but the number is swelled by the boats which, from the stately *Columba*, or *Lord of the Isles*, down to the humble cheap tripper—sixty miles out and home for sixpence—are constantly touching in the course of their complicated voyage from and to Glasgow.

GLASGOW AND THE COAST.

COMPARISON of the TIMES taken by the MORNING and AFTERNOON EXPRESS TRAINS of the undermentioned COMPANIES in the SUMMER of 1889.

	CALEDONIAN viâ Gourrock.		GLASGOW AND S. WESTERN viâ Greenock.		NORTH BRITISH viâ Craigen- doran.		CALEDONIAN viâ Wemyss Bay.	
	Minutes.		Minutes.		Minutes.		Minutes.	
	Up	Down	Up	Down	Up	Down	Up	Down
Kilcreggan . . . . .	55	47	70	60	57	55		
Cove . . . . .	63	55	80	70	69	65		
Blairmore . . . . .	70	62	85	75	84	75		
Strone . . . . .	67	61	95	85	77	73		
Kilmun . . . . .	80	73	105	100	..	..		
Ardenadam . . . . .	75	67	100	90	84	80		
Hunter's Quay . . . . .	60	55	..	..	72	68		
Kilm . . . . .	63	55	75	60	69	65		
Dunoon . . . . .	70	62	80	65	74	70		
Innellan . . . . .	85	77	85	70	94	90	70	65
Rothsay . . . . .	105	97	105	95	114	110	80	80
Train Time . . . . .	40	40	45	40	37	37	50	50
Railway Distance . . . . .	26½ miles		25½ miles		22½ miles		30½ miles	

It should be added that though the Wemyss Bay line looks on paper far and away the best to Rothsay, it has been seriously handicapped by the use of a much less convenient station in Glasgow. However, it has just been bought by the Caledonian, which hitherto has only worked it; so it is understood that next summer will not only see its service much improved, but also its trains admitted in Glasgow into the "Central," a station which is—what central stations by no means always are—honestly entitled to its name.

There is one very remarkable feature about this "coast" traffic. The great bulk of the passengers are not season-ticket holders, but take an ordinary return ticket every time they travel. Not but what the Scotch companies are liberal enough in the conditions on which they issue their "seasons." The usual English

rule is to grant them only for periods of three months and upwards, and only to first or second-class passengers. In Scotland not only are third-class "seasons" universal, but they can be obtained for any length of time that is desired. If, after taking a ticket for a month, the owner wishes to prolong his stay at the seaside for another fortnight or three weeks, he can always extend the currency of his ticket on paying a proportional amount in excess. But, spite of this liberal treatment, the "coast" passengers prefer to take tickets every day. The reason is obvious. The ordinary fare has been brought down so low that a "season" does not pay, unless its holder goes up and down every day. Take for example Wemyss Bay, as it has already been mentioned. For the 60 miles to Glasgow and back, the first-class fare is 3s. 6d.—a fare which a correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* protested against the other day as exorbitant. A season-ticket costs £25 per annum, so that to make it profitable one would have to travel more than thrice a week all the year round. To Brighton, on the other hand, it is only £30, but a single journey up and down costs 15s. In other words, a man who is away from Brighton three months in the year, and only comes up to town once a week during the remaining nine, will not actually lose by taking a "season."

Of course the difference, though at first sight it appears to be a difference in the scale of charge for season-tickets, is really in the fares for ordinary traffic. The ordinary fares to the "coast" have been reduced, so to speak, to the wholesale rate already. It is not that the Brighton Company treats season-ticket holders better, but that its ordinary passengers are treated much worse. On the face of it there is no reason why, if two competing companies can earn a good livelihood by carrying first-class passengers between Glasgow and Greenock at  $\frac{3}{4}d.$  a mile, and third-class passengers for half the money, a company which monopolises the whole traffic between London and Brighton should be unable to carry passengers by any of the best trains for less than  $2\frac{1}{4}d.$  I am not wishing here to reproach the Brighton Company. Like other commercial undertakings, it charges what it can get. But I do really believe that railway managers will have, ere long, to face the question, whether fares between two great centres of population with a constant interchange of traffic, ought to be fixed simply on a mileage basis. No one would dream of expecting a consignment of 50 tons of grey shirting, sent down from London to Southampton for

shipment, to pay at the same rate as a few pieces sent to Woking or Basingstoke for the use of the local draper. And there is no reason why the rule that applies to goods should not apply to passengers. If the Londoners who want to go to Brighton can, as they do, offer themselves for conveyance "in full train-loads," the company can evidently afford to carry them at a reduced figure. I have no expectation, I admit, of seeing introduced a third-class fare to Brighton of 2s. 6d. by all trains, though I fully believe that in a comparatively short time the initial loss would be more than compensated; but one wonders whether an experiment of a similar reduction, say, between Liverpool and Manchester, is beyond the bounds of possibility.

Hitherto it has always been the outside competition of steamers, or for short distance traffic of omnibuses or tram-cars, which has brought down railway fares seriously below the normal one penny per mile. Of course there have been short spurts of rivalry, and passengers have been carried before now between Glasgow and Edinburgh for sixpence, and from York and Manchester to London and back for half-a-crown. And what is more, in this latter case—which occurred at the time of the Exhibition of 1862—so says one who has the best right to speak with authority, "as long as summer lasted and the trains were full, we didn't lose by the transaction." But fares such as this were never meant to last. What one would like to see is a serious experiment jointly undertaken by the North Western, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Cheshire Lines between Liverpool and Manchester. The fares at present are by no means particularly cheap. They are 5s. 6d., 4s., and 2s. 6d. single, and 8s., 6s., and 4s. 6d. return, for the three classes respectively; on the Greenock scale they would be a good deal less than half. Say that they were brought down to one half, how long would it be before the number of passengers carried would treble itself? Less than this increase would certainly not pay the companies. No doubt they could carry many more passengers than they do at present, simply by running longer trains and more powerful engines, and therefore at practically no additional expense. But still there would be some, so that they would positively lose by carrying double the number of passengers at half the fares, except indeed for what they might gain by stimulating the traffic through Manchester to and from places beyond.

Unquestionably the whole subject is beset with difficulties,

not the least of which is that any very startling modification of this kind might tend to rouse a number of sleeping dogs which the railways may think it more prudent to let lie in peace. Still one cannot but wish to see it tackled. Vast as have been the strides with which railway improvement has advanced of recent years, in the all-important item of fares the progress has certainly not been what was anticipated by the founders of our railway system. When the Liverpool and Manchester line was opened "the fare in the better class of carriages, such as the 'Queen Adelaide' and the 'Wellington,' was five shillings, for which sum the travellers and their baggage are conveyed in omnibuses to and fro between the Company's offices in the heart of either town and the commencement of the railway, a mile or a mile and a half distant, free from any additional charge or gratuity." Nowadays, as we have seen, the first-class fare, with no allowance towards the costs of one's hansom, is sixpence more; then, as now, the second-class fare was 4s. It ought in fairness to be added that there was in the old days no third-class at all. Still even so the figures are not much to boast of; especially as other countries have gone a good deal ahead of us in this particular. No country probably gives as good value for a penny a mile as do our English railways; but then, in almost every country in Europe, it is possible, either by a fourth-class as in Germany, or by the zone system as now in Hungary, or by taking a train even slower than the *soi-disant* express, as in Belgium and elsewhere, to travel for considerably less than the level penny. There must be a vast substratum of traffic waiting to be tapped by the management which has the audacity to reduce fares (not by certain specified trains in summer, but in normal everyday working) to the level which prevails on the Greenock line. It is useless to say that it could never pay. After the experience of a generation, the Caledonian and the South-Western ought to know. The Caledonian has just spent £600,000 in order to get a better share of this low-fare traffic, spite of the fact that it only lasts for four months, and the cream of it only for two; while the South-Western is likely, so common report says, to carry their line forward past Gourrock to the Cloch in order once more to over-trump their rivals.

Before we leave the "coast," where we have too long lingered, we must notice that the traffic is by no means merely residential. Probably nowhere in the world, certainly nowhere in the United Kingdom, are so many pleasure tours organized with so much



intelligence and forethought. Coaches and steamers are independent of the railways, but it is always possible to obtain through tickets at the railway booking-offices, and with the accounting that goes on afterwards through the companies' audit office the passenger need in no way concern himself. Take this as a fair sample of a complicated tour. Leave Glasgow about 8.30 A.M. by any of the three lines—there are expresses in connection about an hour earlier from Edinburgh—catch the *Lord of the Isles* an hour later at or near Greenock, and travel with her through the Kyles of Bute and as far as Inverary. Thence back across Loch Fyne in a small ferry steamer to St. Catherine's, whence an attendant coach will take you in a couple of hours through Hell's Glen to the head of Loch Goil, in time to catch a third steamer for Gourock, Greenock, or Craigendoran—according to the railway you have elected to patronize—and so to Glasgow in ample time for dinner. Fare for the whole round only 11 shillings. Or if this does not offer sufficient variety, you may leave the *Lord of the Isles* at Dunoon, take the coach to Inverchapel at the foot of Loch Eck, steam up the Loch, and then, with a second coach to Strachur, intercept the big vessel again on her way to Inverary. And any of these tours, of which the above is only one sample out of a hundred, may be made either way, or picked up at any point on the round. As for Loch Lomond, there is no reason why four friends, living at Carlisle, Oban, Berwick, and Dundee respectively, all agreeing to make the tour the same day, should not meet, either on the Loch or to lunch at the Trossachs Hotel, and get back home in time for bed. The *rendezvous* would not cost them much over a five-pound note among the four.

Again it is impossible to resist drawing a comparison. There are half-a-dozen coaches which leave London every morning. They are all admirably horsed and turned out, and nearly always empty. Nor are the reasons far to seek. A drive for the best part of an hour through London streets and London suburbs is not attractive for one thing; for another the coaches are little known, and evidently cannot afford to advertise extensively for themselves. Is it impossible for our London railways to organize coach tours in connection with their own lines? There is no difficulty in suggesting possible routes. Guildford to Dorking along the Hog's Back would be one; Windsor to Virginia Water through the Great Park might obviously be another. The Metropolitan might do worse than introduce its new line to

public notice by opening up the beauties of the Chilterns with a coach from Chesham to Aylesbury; and even the Chatham and Dover might induce a few people to use its Maidstone and Ashford line if it brought them back by road through the beautiful country which lies between Ashford and Sevenoaks. We cannot bring the Firth of Clyde to London, but even in the way of steamboat excursions it is possible that a trip, for instance, to Dover, thence by sea to Margate or Sheerness, and so back, might attract some people on whom the delights of Ramsgate sands have begun to pall. I have no wish to teach railway managers their business, but when one sees how much the Scotch railways, which after all are principally goods lines, do to encourage pleasure traffic, and how little is done by our southern lines, which really have nothing else to distract their attention, one cannot but think that it is at least worth while calling attention to the subject.

One point more before we leave the Clyde. Greenock does not deal only in "coast" traffic; it is one of the chief centres in the world of the sugar refining industry. It got a hold of this trade a century or so back, when West Indian sugar was brought in to fill the gap caused by the loss of the tobacco trade with the revolted American colonies; and it has held on to it since, though nowadays the raw sugar comes mainly from the Continent, and is imported either through Leith or Grangemouth. Most people know that there was an extraordinary rise in the price of sugar recently. Within a few weeks raw sugar advanced from thirteen to twenty-three shillings per cwt. Last spring there were literally miles of trucks loaded with some 6000 tons of raw sugar standing in every siding in the neighbourhood of Greenock waiting for the refiners to take delivery. In response to my enquiry as to the reason of this block, I learnt that, though the raw material had advanced so largely, there had been no corresponding rise in the price of refined sugar, and that therefore, thinking the rise must come, the refiners had postponed sales till their warehouses were chock-a-block, and they were forced to use the railway company's trucks as supplementary store-rooms. There was at least one advantage in so doing, that they paid no rent.

Not so many years back the railway rate for sugar from Grangemouth to Greenock was 6*s.* 8*d.* per ton; from Leith it was 7*s.* As the sugar trade became more and more depressed, the Company made reduction after reduction in the rate, till

finally they had brought it down to 3s. 6d. and 3s. 9d. But when sugar almost doubled in value this spring, they thought that they too had a right to a little better terms, so they advanced the rate by 3d. per ton all round. Whether this was one of the instances of extortionate increase of which some of the Traders' Associations made so much the other day, I know not; but this I do know, and as the instance is probably unique, it is worth recording. When the agitation against the new classification and schedule of *maximum* rates first began last spring, a deputation of the Greenock sugar refiners waited upon the general manager of the Caledonian, not in order to demand any concession, but to express their gratitude for the treatment they had received in the past, their readiness to support the Company to the utmost of their power, and their confidence that their relations with it would be equally amicable in the future. Indeed, whatever be the reason, whether that the near neighbourhood of that great anti-monopolist, the sea, has protected the traders, or whether they have defended themselves by their own superior determination and intelligence, or perhaps that the Scotch railways are less exacting than their neighbour to the south, there is much less general discontent with railway rates in Scotland than in England. Alone of all the great towns of the kingdom, the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce will not appear as an objector before the Board of Trade next month.

It is not a little remarkable that the Companies who organize, and the public who enjoy, a service as admirable as that down the Clyde, are content to put up with the half-hearted service which exists between Glasgow and Edinburgh. It is not for want of competition that it is so poor. The North British has two routes, the old original Edinburgh and Glasgow line *viâ* Falkirk, and a new low-level one through Bathgate; while the Caledonian has a third through Holytown and West Calder. The distances are 47½, 44½, and 46 miles respectively. The Caledonian service, which has one train in 64 minutes, and a good many more only taking 65, is in point of speed distinctly the best of the three. Even the Caledonian, however, labels "express," and, what is more, charges extra for, a train which takes 85 minutes on its journey, and makes eight intermediate stops every day of the week, and a ninth on Wednesdays. On the North British I was privileged a short time back to pay express fare by a through train *viâ* Bathgate, which was allowed

2 hours and 2 minutes for  $46\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and took it all with something over. On the old road the best train is timed to take 70 minutes, and quite a number of the "expresses" take 85. In fairness, an allowance of 5 minutes must be made off this for the Cowlairs tunnel, which, though only a mile and a half in length, descends into Queen Street Station in Glasgow with such a precipitous incline, that it has to be worked to the present day with a stationary engine and a wire rope, so that 8 minutes instead of 3 are required for its passage. Still, once clear of Cowlairs, there is, before the train need stop again at the Haymarket Station, a run of 44 miles as straight as an arrow, and so level that in the old days it used to be said that it was difficult to keep the ballast properly drained. If a train really wants 70 minutes over this bit of road, at least it should be honestly described an "ordinary passenger," and not allowed to profane the name of "express."

Talking of Queen Street Station, it is worth notice, as showing the marvellous strides which Glasgow has made in half a century, that the ground on which it stands—one of the best sites in the town—was bought by the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway in 1838 for a guinea per square yard, or to be exact, 33,128 yards (nearly seven acres) for £35,379 15s. 5d. The Company, however, only paid down the odd money, and it was not till 1846 that they were able to raise and pay off the balance of £30,000. What those seven acres are worth to-day may be judged from another sale which has recently taken place within a few yards. The Corporation of Glasgow disposed of a single acre of land in 1787 to a certain Robert Smith for £645 1s. 4d. Robert Smith at the time of the sale had a daughter six weeks old. Within her lifetime—she lived to be 98—the Corporation have bought it back again as the site of their new Municipal Buildings, and the price they paid amounted to £172,944 8s. 5d. No wonder that railway debentures are generally looked upon as sound investments.

The other two Glasgow lines would have been fortunate if they had secured an access to the heart of the City at so reasonable a rate. Both the Caledonian and the Glasgow and South-Western have got nowadays fine large stations, at least as convenient and accessible as Queen Street, but the cost to their shareholders is to be reckoned not in thousands, but in millions. No doubt the game has been worth the candle. When St. Enoch's, the South-Western Station—the ditto of St. Pancras

on a somewhat smaller scale—was opened fifteen years ago, the average number of trains in and out in the 24 hours was 111. Last summer, on busy days, it reached 350. The Central station of the Caledonian is even more modern, but already not only the station but its approaches have had to be enlarged, as the trains have increased from under one hundred to over four.

The Caledonian have, however, a second terminus, now used only for trains to the north, at Buchanan Street, where there is a low wooden shed, put up by Joseph Locke as long ago as 1849 as a temporary structure, but still standing, and to confess the truth, except for its looks, by no means a bad station even now. How the Caledonian got there is a curious story. Their original terminus was, as has been said, at St. Rollox on the high ground to the north-east of Glasgow (where, by the bye, an old resident informs me he remembers "seeing the engines going about with mortgagees' names upon them after the crash of 1848"). Amongst other inconveniences, outside the station was a toll-gate through which passengers had to pass on their way to and from the centre of the town, so the company determined that they must come further in. A local engineer projected a scheme by which the line was to be brought in on a viaduct with a falling gradient of 1 in 40 or thereabouts, and even then terminating at a height far above the roofs of the adjacent houses. Some of the arches were actually constructed, when the directors took alarm at what might happen if a train ran away through the station. So the building was stopped, and Joseph Locke called in. He at once decided that it was necessary to go back a mile or so behind St. Rollox, and then tunnel through the hill, and so come down more gradually to the level in Buchanan Street. But the job was a ticklish one. The new line had to be carried under the Monkland Canal and over the Cowlares tunnel of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, and there was only very scant room for it to pass between them. The task was safely accomplished, but the engineers had an anxious time of it when the water of the canal actually began to trickle down into their workings.

Edinburgh often boasts its superiority to Glasgow. In one respect at least—its railway stations—it must acknowledge its vast and apparently hopeless inferiority. The Caledonian station is a wooden shanty. As for the North British, in its original prospectus, dated August, 1843, it expressed its determination "to avoid all useless expense in ornamental works at stations or otherwise," and its worst enemy will scarcely deny that it has



kept its promise. The Haymarket station has remained untouched, except the platforms—it may have been painted, but it shows no signs of it—for almost half a century. As for Waverley, what pen could do justice to it? Mr. Foxwell has tried in his recent book,\* but he acknowledges the inadequacy of his own description. Not that it is, I think, quite fair to throw the whole blame upon the Company. For Haymarket they must take the responsibility, but to render the Waverley station adequate for its traffic is beyond their powers.

It is cooped in on all sides by walls of rock. The natural way to extend it would imply an entrenchment upon a portion of Princes Street Gardens, and this the Corporation refuses to permit on any terms. It is really rather an interesting point, in what Mr. Ruskin would call "the relation of art to use." Unquestionably the gardens are beautiful, and a railway station unlovely; but after all, the Princes Street hotelkeepers and shopkeepers would hardly wish to be left in solitude to enjoy the spectacle. Next year when the Forth Bridge is open, the Company will scarcely venture to expose its passengers to the accustomed blocks in getting through Edinburgh. How would Edinburgh, with its metropolitan dignity, like it, if next summer the London express halted for half a moment outside the town at Millerhill Junction, contemptuously uncoupled a carriage or two, and then ran on by the suburban line direct to the Forth Bridge?

There is nothing special to note about the local traffic of Edinburgh. It is all in the hands of the North British, and consequently there are none of those prodigies of energy which are so profusely displayed in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. Nor has the North British any great opportunity of exhibiting remarkable speed. Northwards, the neck at Larbert renders such attempts impossible. Of the Glasgow expresses we have spoken already. Eastwards to Berwick, the expresses are "horsed," in pursuance of an old agreement, by the North-Eastern. There remains only the Waverley route southwards to Carlisle through Melrose and Hawick, and this is so bad a road that any very high speed is out of the question. I travelled over it not long since on the engine of the 10.45 A.M. up express. Hardly were we clear of the complexities of the suburban branches, when we had to stop at Hardengreen for the "bank" engine to come on behind and push us up the long climb, nearly

\* 'Express Trains, English and Foreign,' p. 60.



10 miles of 1 in 70 to the top of the Fala moors, over 800 feet above sea-level. The summit reached, the bank-engine fireman comes forward along the frame of his engine and uncouples, and without a check we continue our course, gathering speed as, for fifteen miles down the Gala Water, we thread the endless loops of the stream, till the tall chimneys of Galashiels come in sight, and with a whirr the brakes go down and we pull up at the platform,  $33\frac{1}{2}$  miles in 49 minutes. Two minutes for a drink of water, sorely needed after her long climb, and we are off once more, and, with just a passing glimpse of Abbotsford, are over the Tweed and into Melrose. Another fifteen miles of what on the Waverley route passes for level road brings us to Hawick and the banks of the Teviot. Then again a second engine comes to our aid, for we have to cover another ten miles worse than before, up the valley of the Slitrig, with not only the gradient against us, but with curves so sharp that the driving-wheels grind against the check-rails, now on one side and now on the other. However, at length we are through the Shankend Tunnel, over a thousand feet above sea-level, and emerge into daylight on the slopes of Liddesdale. As we rush down into the wider Eskdale, we pass place after place famous in Border story. Here it is Canobie Muir; anon it is Netherby Hall; but there is no "mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan," only an old cock-pheasant lazily sunning himself in the line, whose dignity hardly suffers him to move on till the wheels are within a yard of catching him. Another moment and we are speeding across Solway Moss. Ten minutes more, the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall, and our journey is over. The engine moves off to its "stable," to wait till it is time for the return journey, but not a solitary passenger troubles himself so much as to put his head out of the window and cast a look at the steed that has carried him so well.

For all that, the run,  $98\frac{1}{2}$  miles in just over two hours and a half, or roughly 39 miles an hour with three intermediate stoppages, is not a little remarkable. On the Continent they would label it "express, first class only," if it was 10 miles an hour slower across the dead levels of Burgundy or Brabant. What the *Chemin de Fer du Nord* authorities, who cannot manage to keep time with their expresses from Paris to Amiens at some 40 miles an hour, would think of hauling over this road the heavy Pullmans of the Midland down "Highland" express, in 140 minutes without a stop, one really would like to know.

Probably they would think what a nuisance competition was, to force officials to take all this trouble for a public which after all was as discontented as ever.

And now let us get back to Edinburgh in a very different and much more leisurely fashion. In no trade have railways made a greater revolution than in the cattle trade. Great fairs, such as that at Falkirk, held at long intervals, are dying out, and their place is being taken by regular weekly markets in the chief railway centres, such as Edinburgh or Perth. The market-day in Edinburgh is Tuesday, so on Monday night I slept in Berwick in order to come up with a cattle train the following morning. We—the engine and the brake, for there were no cattle—set off from Berwick at 6.45, and climbed up on the cliffs as the sun was coming out over the North Sea. But in spite of the sun we were not sorry when the fire in the brakesman's stove began to burn up. At four stations, one after the other, the signal was "off," as a sign that there was nothing for us that morning, so on we ran. After an hour had thus been spent to no purpose, I was forcibly reminded of the story of Napoleon's cutlet. Napoleon's taste was of the simplest; he never wanted anything but a cutlet, but he always expected a cutlet to be ready for him at whatever moment he might happen to want it. The arrangement might be convenient, but was scarcely economical, as not a few cutlets were wasted. And so if our British farmers expect to have a special train run past their doors on market-day, on the chance that they may have a beast or two ready for the butcher, they can hardly expect to get their service as cheap as if they had to give a couple of days' notice of their intention.

At length at Cockburnspath, 21 miles from Berwick, we picked up a couple of trucks, at Innerwick three more, and at Dunbar again three. Then, after drawing two stations blank, at Drem, the junction for North Berwick, we made a great haul, and completed our load with three and twenty trucks all at once; so we had only to wait till the up passenger train had passed us, and then make the best of our way to market; a second special must pick up the stock from the remaining stations. Travelling in a goods brake has, it must be honestly admitted, not many advantages over a first-class carriage, but it has one conspicuous merit. On a passenger train one may be late—indeed, if one is privileged to live on the Chatham and Dover, one not unfrequently is—but one cannot possibly be early. A goods train goes ahead, as soon as it has done its work

and the line is clear. On this occasion, thanks to the Drem farmers and their twenty-three trucks, we reached our destination more than half an hour before we were due.

As we approached Niddrie, the junction with the Waverley line, we saw another cattle train coming up from Hawick which ought by rights to have preceded us. But it was too late; we had "got the road," and could not be dislodged from our pride of place. Behind the Hawick train was another, which had started at 5 o'clock from Carlisle, and picked up the traffic from the further side of Hawick. Later on, when we got nearer Haymarket, where the sales are held, we encountered other trains from Fife, and from Greenhill and the north. In all, 130 to 150 truck-loads is no uncommon consignment for a Tuesday morning. Arrived at the cattle dock, the animals were walked out of their trucks almost as easily and quickly as a train-load of passengers, and off into the covered yards of the different salesmen. Hardly are they out of the trucks, when men with great jets of water from a fire-hose set to work to wash out the trucks, and to cover the floor with layers of fresh sawdust, brought up in truck-loads from the carriage shops at Cowlares; and then everything is ready for the animals to commence their journey, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, to whatever great town of England their purchasers may consign them.

There is another though less necessary article of food than meat, which the North British deals with in wholesale quantities, and that is mushrooms. It comes about in this wise. The old Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee line, coming up from the Granton and Burntisland ferry, got into Waverley Station by a tunnel under St. Andrew's Square and Princes Street. It was about three-quarters of a mile long, and the gradient was so steep as to necessitate the employment of a stationary engine. Of late years a *détour* out to the east has avoided the gradient, and the tunnel has been abandoned. For a long while it was simply useless, or rather worse than useless to the Company, for it was alleged that disabled trucks, from the Scotland Street end, where the old station is now used as a coal depot, used to be shunted into the tunnel out of the way, and so lost to sight and forgotten. Two years back an ingenious person conceived the idea of leasing the tunnel and growing mushrooms. The company were not too exacting about terms. Any rent was better than no rent, and moreover they got the carriage of all the materials for forming hot-beds inwards, and all the mush-

rooms that were grown out again. And what with soil and manure, the grower declares that he uses up a train-load of stuff in a twelvemonth. Even the very spawn comes in, a truck-load at a time.

When I was there, one bitter cold day last March, I found a huge fire of anthracite burning just inside the mouth of the tunnel, which could not be closed except by a wooden screen, movable so as to permit the passage of railway trucks. In this way the chill was taken off the air as it entered. The upper end of the tunnel next the station is built up with brickwork. Throughout the entire length there runs a double line of rails. What used to be the up line is kept clear for use, as the beds have to be removed bodily and renewed about every six months. But between this line and the wall there is a small border carried along throughout, and the place of the down line is occupied by a series of beds running across at right angles. For a hundred yards one walks along a set of beds in full bearing. Then again a second set have just been made but are still too hot and rank for the spawn to be put into them. A little further one comes upon a gang of men, at work by the light of lanterns in making up a third set. I learnt that, at the time of my visit, the French growers had not yet got their products into the market, and that the Edinburgh Mushroom Company, Limited, could obtain from the salesmen from 1s. to 1s. 9d. a pound, and even at that price had more orders than they were able to execute.

With this, which is, I cannot but think, one of the strangest developments of railway working, we must leave our subject for the present. Next month we shall make a circuit through the less familiar regions of Aberdeenshire and the Highlands.

W. M. ACWORTH.

P.S.—I have to express my regret that the table of distances *via* the Forth Bridge, given last month, was not quite accurate. A further deduction of 3 miles should have been made for the Dalmeny and Corstorphine curve on the south side of the bridge. This leaves the total superiority of East Coast over West Coast as 11½ to Perth and 17 to Aberdeen.

W. M. A.

## Parsifal at Baireuth.

LITTLE was known, until a few years ago, of the primitive old-fashioned German town lying in a sleepy hollow of the Franconian hills. The world was satisfied to let the dust of ages rest undisturbed on its houses and streets, and on the castle, where the Markgrävine Sophie Wilhelmine had once held but sorry state, in a court which to modern notions sounds uncourtly in many of its ways. Who cared to turn aside from Nürnberg, from its towers and walls, its gabled roofs and grand old churches, its memories of Albert Dürer, Hans Sachs, and that brotherhood of artists and sculptors who shared their friendship, to visit Baireuth? In Nürnberg the past still lives and speaks eloquently, testifying to the simple, stately, burgher life of the German Middle Ages, and to the strong, artistic impulse, which was the richest fruit of that life. But in Baireuth there was nothing to see, nothing to interest. The great stream of life swept past the town, and scarcely did a side eddy reach it—a town, truly of which travellers might feel, till within a few years,

“There are a thousand such elsewhere  
As worthy of your wonder.”

How changed all this is now! A great magician has stretched his wand above the town, and on the green hill-side a building has arisen, whence sounds issue like a trumpet-call to the nations, proclaiming a new dawn in the world of Art and Beauty. And so during a few weeks in summer, crowds of people from all parts of Europe and America stream into Baireuth. The echoes of the drowsy streets are awakened by the sound of many voices. What a strange blending of languages as one passes along the Maximilian Strasse! yet all this diversity of tongues really harmonizes in the common chord of a universally felt enthusiasm. Whatever the language, the feeling it expresses is the same. From near and far, we



have all come together, lured by the distant sounds of siren music, which, once heard, has held us spell-bound ever since, and now claims our allegiance here, where alone we can hear the strains aright. On other subjects, in other places, our power of cold, dispassionate criticism may return to us ; but for the time being we forfeited it, when we yielded to our impulse to hear Wagner's operas performed in the Festspielhaus of his own designing at Baireuth.

There is something unique and delightful about the sense of fellowship and good-will that is born of this mutual sympathy. Whatever part of the world we come from, to whatever part we may be going, for the present we have but one interest, one idea. In the joyful anticipation of the coming days, hearts overflow, and tongues are loosened. Reckless of idiom, and strangely unhampered by the exigencies of a foreign tongue, (the result of superabundant feeling rather than knowledge), a flood of polyglot enthusiasm and ungrammatical emotion flows down the *table d'hôte* ; eagerly, questions are asked ; credulously, information is received, which the after event generally proves to be wrong. "How at the last moment are the parts cast?" "Will Materna or Malten sing Kundry?" "Does Levi or Richter direct?" Finally we separate with glad "Auf Wiedersehen," "Au revoir," and other genial greetings, the growth of a foreign soil, and of the magnetic sympathy of the moment.

It is impossible, even if you would, to escape from the thralldom of one idea at Baireuth. The shop-windows are full of busts and photographs of the "Meister." At the booksellers I doubt if it would be possible to buy any literature that did not bear directly or indirectly on the all-absorbing subject ; the very street-boys whistle or hum snatches from some familiar stirring chorus ; post-cards and letter-paper bear in the corner the impress of notes—"mystic, wonderful." Even the damasked linen (the one industry of Baireuth) is embroidered with the bars of some *motif*. The coachman whom you hail from the market-place scarcely thinks it worth while to ask where he shall take you. He assumes as a matter of course that you are going to the Villa Wahnfried to visit Wagner's grave (on this first evening, when there is no opera), and to see the outside of the house where the Poet-Musician at last found rest and peace, after a life of struggle and disappointment, and years of exile from the land that he loved so passionately, and for whose glory he has done so much.



Next afternoon we started at three o'clock to walk up to the Theatre. How unlike it all was to everything we had hitherto associated with opera-going! Instead of the drive through garish, gas-lit streets, we walked out into the country, past summer fields, sweet with the scent of new-mown grass, up an ascending road to the Festspielhaus, Wagner's Ideal realized. All that he suffered of failure and disappointment in seeing his works partially understood and inadequately represented on other stages is now a twice-told tale. At last, when hope was all but dead, deliverance came. A kingly nature, quick to recognize and do homage to the sovereignty of genius, stretched out from high places the hand of sympathy and help; and it was in chief measure due to the princely generosity and the unfailing friendship of King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, that Wagner at length saw the dream of his life about to be fulfilled, and was enabled in 1873 to lay the foundation-stone of his theatre at Baireuth. His experience of the deeply-rooted prejudices of theatre-directors, and of the inflexible nature of stage traditions, had led him purposely to select a town lying aside from the great highways of public life and commerce. Only amid silence from the disturbing sounds of a busy world could his music be heard aright; only in the absence of other distracting sights could the meaning of the great spectacle of human life which he presents to us be truly understood.

It is no "stately pleasure-dome" that stands out against a background of dark pine-trees on the hill above the town, but a plain unadorned building of vast proportions, and a certain imposing simplicity—built to embody a National Ideal of Art, the life-work of one man. This is not the place to speak of Wagner's new conception of Art, of his theories and methods. True, we had steeped our minds for days past in literature on the subject, but now that the living spirit was about to be manifested to us, we did not think of the letter. As we stood on the fringe of the woods, and watched the international stream of people winding up the road, and gathering together under the large porticos, strangely enough it was no music of Wagner's, but those joyous, haunting notes from Beethoven's choral symphony that by a freak of memory and association seemed to ring in our ears,

"Seid umschlungen Millionen  
Diesen Gruss der ganzen Welt."

Ignorance and prejudice may delay the final triumph, but the

day must surely come when by "millions" Wagner's music will be recognized as a "greeting to the whole world."

At last came the sound for which we had all been waiting, the solemn notes of the *Communion motif*, given out by trumpets from the centre portico, the first signal to take our seats. The interior of the building is an amphitheatre of noble dimensions and simple classic lines. Tier upon tier of seats of equal value stretch up to the back, where there is one row of boxes. Corinthian pillars support the building on each side; there is no glitter, no gilding, all is plain and unadorned, neutral in tone, simple in form—built with a view to concentrate the whole attention of the audience on the stage. No drop-scene, but a massive curtain of Indian red with deep gold border, the only colour in the whole place, separates the stage from the theatre. The orchestra is hidden in some subterranean region out of sight, the director being visible to the stage alone. At the end of every act the audience scatters for an hour, an arrangement which prevents any feeling of over-fatigue or strain. During the first interval tea or coffee, during the second, dinner can be had in the restaurant close to the theatre.

Again the trumpets sound outside, and in a few minutes every one is seated; the ladies have taken off their hats (according to rule), the lights are lowered, and a hush of expectation falls on the audience. Then, without any warning, there steals up from the hidden orchestra in the depth below, like a message of peace and holiness, the notes of the *Communion motif*. Slowly the long tremulous tones of the violin melt into silence; then we hear the majestic chords of the *Grail motif* in gathering power, and gradually the whole pageant of music is unrolled in waves of sound, now swelling in full exultant chords, now trembling in the air, like the sound of faintly-heard spirit-voices. Again, what an accent of pain strikes on our ears and reaches our hearts, the sense of a whole world groaning and travailing in anguish, the mystery and pathos of life, the capacity for suffering, the yearning towards something outside ourselves—we hear and feel it all! Finally, rising above the pain, in sounds of solemn, certain comfort, the notes of the *Communion motif* once again. Is it from within or from without, this sense of the Unknown revealed, the Inexpressible uttered, deep calling unto deep, without feeling of limitation or "sad satiety," that possesses our whole being as the music swells and dies away into silence? The curtain draws aside, and we are on the domain of the holy

Grail, among the sorrow-stricken knighthood, suffering through the fall of their King Amfortas. Even on this consecrated ground sin has crept in with its inevitable weight of woe and responsibility. This is the scene upon which Parsifal enters, a being of a primeval world—young, beautiful, innocent, ignorant of sin, ignorant of suffering, exultant in the sense of youth and strength, “the guileless fool,” who, through pity learnt in the divine school of suffering, is to redeem the brotherhood, and heal the wound of Amfortas. For to this king, bowed down by the consciousness of sin, comfort has been vouchsafed and redemption promised in words of mysterious prophecy :

“Durch Mitleid wissend  
Der reine Thor,  
Harre sein  
Den ich erkor.” \*

This then, in Wagner's philosophy, as revealed to us in his last and greatest work, is the answer to the problems that perplex our life, herein lies the meaning of the mystery of pain,—Pity and Renunciation. It is something more than the beautiful old legend of the Grail that we are looking on at, it is a whole philosophy of life, noble and deeply religious in feeling, that is proclaimed to us, with the threefold power of music, poetry and action. It is this manifold side of Wagner's art that makes it at once so inexhaustible in its interest, so ideal in its representation of complex human life, so utterly impossible to describe. Not only do the characters of the drama reveal themselves to us by words and in their actions, but by the music we are taken into worlds not realized, into spiritual regions of which deeds are but the dim shadows. Each *motif* is weighted with significance, and, either heard singly or in connection with other *motifs*, has its meaning and bearing on the development of the story and of the characters. As we listen, we feel that the inmost depths of being are made known to us, of which the words and actions of the drama are but the show and semblance. Thus, on Parsifal's entrance among the knights, our ears are arrested and our hearts moved by the chivalrous exultant chords of his *motif*, the certain indication of his coming triumph over the powers of sin and worldliness ; but the triumph has yet to be won, by knowledge born of suffering.

\* “By pity 'lightened  
A guileless fool,  
Wait for him  
My chosen tool.”

It is this gradual awakening, through pain, from unconscious happiness to conscious blessedness that we see worked out in Parsifal. When he comes among the knights, we feel that he belongs to another world than theirs, and at first it would seem as if between him and them there could be no common meeting-ground. They have felt the weight of the world lie heavy on their hearts, have experienced the pain of failure and remorse. What can Parsifal, a child of nature, brought up by his mother Herzeleid in the woods far from the haunts of men, know or understand of their feelings or fears, their sufferings and aspirations? It all lies outside his experience, and his very ideality makes him powerless in this world of said realities. He has but one answer to all their questions, "I know not." He gazes in child-like wonder and bewilderment on a scene which he cannot understand, when the knights break out in lamentation over the dead swan that Parsifal has killed. He does not comprehend their sorrow, but with the blind impulse of a generous nature, he breaks his bow and arrows in two, and thus takes the first step that separates him from a life of instinctive, unquestioning happiness. When Kundry looks up from her lair in the thicket, and tells him that his mother Herzeleid is dead, he gives way to a fierce burst of anger and passion, the natural rebellion of the human heart, that claims happiness as its right, before it has learnt that pain is its heritage. To the knights, Parsifal's guilelessness and ignorance is foolishness, only Gurnemanz, the oldest of the brotherhood, recognizes, with the quick instinct of a noble nature, the purity of heart and single-mindedness of aim that have led him to the domain of the Grail. He sees in him the possible saviour of their order, for whom they have hitherto watched in vain, and straightway leads him to the sanctuary where the Holy vessel has been preserved since the days when angels' hands delivered it to Titanel.

It is difficult to give any idea of the grandeur and impressiveness of this scene. The stately Byzantine columns and arches of the temple; the slow procession of the knights entering two by two; and ranging themselves at long covered tables; the sound of church bells, and the choir of boy voices from the cupola; the solemnity and sense of reality of the whole scene make us forget that we are in a theatre. We feel that we are looking on at a solemn act of devotion, that we are realizing the life of faith, of another age and world than ours. The wounded king is brought in on a litter, and placed in front of the covered

Grail. Most striking and dramatic is the contrast of his intense spiritual anguish and Parsifal's unconsciousness. In Amfortas's pain it is no morbid, selfish remorse that we see, but a nobler sorrow; the consciousness of personal unworthiness in the presence of the highest duties, the passionate longing to regain the holiness that has been lost. To Parsifal, ignorant of sin and its consequences, the tragedy before him is full of a mystery that he cannot understand. Throughout the act he stands on one side, silent and unmoved. Only once does a dim instinct of another's pain seem to reach him. When the Grail is uncovered, Amfortas gives a loud cry of agony, and the wound breaks forth afresh. Almost unconsciously Parsifal clasps his own heart; but to Gurnemanz's question, "Weisst du was du sah'st?"\* he shakes his head. He is still the "guileless fool," and has to gain the knowledge by which he shall save others, by the divine teaching of suffering. Disappointed, Gurnemanz casts him forth from the sanctuary, back into the world, and the curtain closes.

This, very imperfectly described, is the scene, but how in words tell of the glamour and mystery of music, by which we have been possessed? In the wailing chords of the Amfortas music, in the wild restlessness of the Kundry *motif*, we seem to have sounded the depths of despair, to have heard the passionate cry of human pain and longing. We have gone down into the dark places of suffering, into the chaos and discord of unredeemed agony, and then we have been led by the notes of the *prophecy motif* from darkness into light, and have ascended the heights where pain loses its character and becomes redemption, and where Love and Faith peal forth their certain victory in the notes of the *Communion* and *Grail motifs*.

Parsifal's initiation into suffering is magnificently worked out in the second Act, the scene of the temptation in the garden of Klingsor, enemy of the Grail, who by his evil works has become possessed of the holy spear through which alone Amfortas's wound can be closed. Here again we find Kundry one of the most interesting and complex of Wagner's creations. In her twofold character of servant of the Grail knighthood and agent of Klingsor, she seems to typify human nature, with its aspirations to good, its proneness to evil. Restless and longing to rest, driven hither and thither by wild impulses, now at the mercy of Klingsor, now finding peace in deeds of service, she is

\* "Wist you what you saw."



a being made up of contradictions, the antitype of Parsifal. In a scene of demonic energy Klingsor summons her up from the centre of the earth, to send her forth on a mission of evil. Most haunting and pathetic are the long wailing accents in which she resists him, but she is powerless. We feel that some force, as yet unknown to her, is needed to free her from the dominion of evil, and then suddenly, like a trumpet-call of hope, the exultant notes of the Parsifal *motif* break on our ear. The magician's castle disappears, and we are in an enchanted land, among flowers and flower-girls, scents and sounds, the show and splendour of earthliness. The melody of the flower-girls falls on our ears, perilously sweet and enervating. All around is a glow and glitter of colour, and far in the distance a background of snowy peaks and mountains, against which stands out the figure of Parsifal, leaning on his sword, chivalrous, ideal, innocent, gazing with eyes of frank wonder upon this world of which he knows nothing. In childlike bewilderment he steps down among the singing, dancing girls, but the might of worldliness is powerless against a nature like his. He is untouched, unmoved by all he sees, and is about to go, when he is stopped by the irresistibly beautiful notes of a woman's voice calling him by name "Parsifal." With the music of the Herzeleid *motif* she arrests him, and taking him in memory by the association of sounds and words back to the days of his childhood, she gradually tells him how his mother died of a broken heart, when he, her only child, left her. The words, uttered with slow tragic expressiveness,

"Und—Herzeleid—starb,"\*

enter Parsifal's heart like a sword. Overcome with grief he falls at Kundry's feet. A sorrow for which he is responsible has struck him at his life's core. Consciousness has come to him, and when "la belle dame sans merci" bends over him and kisses him, in a moment he awakens fully to a sense of life's meaning, to a realization of the conflict between the world and the spirit, to a knowledge of the soul's needs. With a loud shout of "Amfortas!" he springs to his feet. Now, he knows the meaning of the suffering he gazed on unconsciously; a world of pain and restless unsatisfied longing has been revealed to him, and with the revelation has come the feeling of infinite pity. His instinctive holiness and innocence are no longer a mere shield for himself, they have become a weapon to be used in the service of others.

\* "And—Herzeleid—died."



His one longing now is to reach Amfortas. He breaks away from his surroundings, and repels Kundry, who, in fierce passionate declamation, condemns him to a life of wandering. Suddenly Klingsor appears on the battlements and hurls the holy spear at Parsifal. With calm majestic mien and folded arms he waits the charge, and lo! the spear hangs motionless above his head. He clutches it, and makes with it the sign of the cross. In a moment castle and garden are shattered, and with a wailing sob Kundry falls to the ground. It is a magnificently dramatic and significant moment, when Parsifal, at the sound of her cry, turns round from the distant battlements, and waving the holy spear aloft, calls back to her in notes in which we feel the solemnity of his divine mission of pity,

"Du weisst—wo einzig du mich wieder siehst."\*

In the third Act we are again on the Grail's domain, with Gurnemanz, an aged hermit in whom hope of deliverance is all but dead, and Kundry, penitent and dead to the world, craving only to be allowed to serve in atonement for the past. The sound of the Parsifal *motif* in a minor key (how mournful and changed from the old, glad, triumphant strain!) strikes on our ear, and he enters with slow steps in black armour, bearing in his hand the holy spear. After long wandering (to which Kundry's curses had condemned him), he has at length reached the place which his soul has sought unceasingly through much combat and conflict. No longer ignorant of sorrow, he has become

"Durch Mitleid wissend ;"

and as he recognizes the ground on which he stands, the full meaning of his divine mission bursts upon him, and he realizes that the hour of deliverance is near.

In holy penitence Kundry removes his armour, and washes the stains of travel from his feet.

It is impossible to more than indicate the deep symbolic meaning of all this scene, or to give any idea of the impressive solemnity of every note, word, and act. Our hearts are penetrated by the mystic beauty of the Good Friday music, and our spirits stirred by the pæan-like strains with which Gurnemanz recognizes the holy spear, when, having anointed Parsifal King of the Grail, he leads him once more to the sanctuary. The scene here is much the same as in the first Act, but the spirit is

\* "Thou know'st when only we shall meet again."

changed. Amfortas, hopeless and worn out by long suffering, has refused to fulfil his holy office, and in consequence the faith of the brotherhood has dimmed, their strength has waned. Despair and death have entered among them. In anger they implore the King to uncover the Grail; in anguish he refuses, and tearing open his mantle, demands death at their hands. Suddenly Parsifal stands among them. Stretching out the holy spear, he heals Amfortas's wound, while in words of noble significance he blesses the power of suffering that has brought knowledge to the "guileless fool." Amfortas sinks in holy ecstasy before him, as Parsifal steps up to the altar. The lights are gradually lowered, and the knights fall prostrate in attitudes of deep devotion. Then to a glorious burst of music, the sound of many voices proclaiming redemption and peace from pain, Parsifal uncovers the Grail. Light falls on him from above, as he stands holding the holy vessel aloft, the saviour of the order, spiritualized by Renunciation, alike redeemed and redeeming by the divine power of Pity.

As the curtain closed on the night of that first performance, a solemn hush fell on the whole audience, as quietly and reverently we passed out into the still night-air. Feelings had been too deeply stirred to find expression in applause; silence seemed the fitting tribute to the ideality and religious nature of the drama we had been witnessing. Only later, as the mystic glamour passed off under the influence of every-day surroundings, did we realize and speak of the perfectness of the performance in its details; of the whole-hearted earnest devotion of each and all the actors, of the beauty and seeming reality of the scenery and stage-setting, of the supreme achievement of the orchestra under Herr Levi's direction.

It would be difficult to imagine a finer impersonation of "Parsifal" than Herr Van Dyck's. Heart and soul he has thrown himself into the part and made it his own. Equally in the childish innocence and simplicity of the "guileless fool," and in the kingly nature of the hero sanctified by suffering, he has realized the Poet-Musician's ideal. Never for a moment did he seem conscious of self, audience, or surroundings. The Opera-singer was forgotten—the Knight of the Grail was realized.

Very fine too in its different way was Herr Reichmann's rendering of Amfortas. He seemed to go up the whole scale of human suffering, from pathetic hopelessness to passionate despair, and made us realize by voice and gesture the greatness

of the loss of holiness, the pain to a noble nature of conscious failure. Kundry we saw that first evening impersonated by Frau Materna, later in the week by Fräulein Malten. Frau Materna's voice is of unequalled beauty and fulness, powerful to move to tears, and to stir to enthusiasm; but in Fräulein Malten's conception of the part there was a poetry, a depth of comprehension, and a dramatic realization of the two conflicting elements in the nature, which one missed in the older singer; but where both were so fine, it is invidious and ungrateful to draw comparisons.

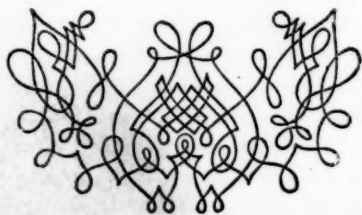
The two other operas given this year were "Tristan und Isolde," and "the Meistersinger of Nürnberg." Unlike Parsifal, both have been given at various times in all the best theatres in Europe, and most of the audience assembled at Baireuth had had opportunities of seeing them performed on other stages. But from the first notes of the Tristan overture to the last grand chorus of the "Meistersinger" they were aware of a *something* they had always missed before. Here, where the spirit of the "Meister" still breathes, and speaks from every stock and stone; where his living presence and influence worked among singers, directors, and musicians, teaching and training them to his own standard; there is a sustained perfection, a restrained enthusiasm in every part of the performance that can be met with nowhere else. Probably in no other two operas could the sense of the universal grasp of Wagner's mind, and of the vast range of his creative genius, have been brought home to us with more convincing force. In Lohengrin we should still have been on the territory of the Grail; in Tannhäuser we are ever conscious of the conflict between the powers of good and of evil; in the Nibelungenring, though the setting is different, the inner significance, the ethical teaching is the direct precursor of Parsifal. From Brunhilde's sacrifice and renunciation to Parsifal, the man who "can best tell how to suffer," and is thus "conqueror of himself and lord of the world," is a direct step. But in "Tristan und Isolde" we are in another world. In the tender lyric grace, and sonorous ring of this love-poem, we seem to hear language other than we listened to in Parsifal. Our spirits are possessed by the mystic dreamy beauty, the passionate yearning of the music, and we are held chained by a spell that would be almost pain, but for the satisfying element inseparable from great beauty. There is no relief of dramatic action, little variety from the one unending theme of love and love-longing, of

passionate pain at the limitations of mortality, of impassioned yearning for a fuller, freer existence.

In striking contrast to the poetic fervour and ideality—the pure white flame of passion of “Tristan und Isolde,” is the naturalism, the humour, the simple noble humanity of the “Meistersinger of Nürnberg.” With a sound, a word, the mist of centuries is dispelled, and German life in the Middle Ages is before us. Here they come—the laughing, dancing apprentices; here are the various burgher guilds, with their picturesque trappings, and characteristic music; here are the worthy Meistersingers, with their formal, stereotyped theories of Art; and here, towering above them all, as the distant “Burg” in the background towers above his own beautiful Nürnberg, is the grand genial figure of Hans Sachs—noblest of friends, most unselfish of lovers. There is a stately measured tread about the music of his part, a depth of manliness, a wistful tenderness, and a strong simple piety, which makes us realize the man as no mere words could. In him we have as ruling motive the same spirit of selfless renunciation, which we find in King Marke (“Tristan und Isolde”) and in Brunhilde, and which has its final ideal expression in Parsifal.

Parsifal—for that after all is the idea to which we always come back, the figure that stands out prominently against the background of our consciousness, whenever we think or speak of Baireuth. What the Sistine Madonna is to other pictures, what the Venus of Milo to other statues, that is Parsifal to other music-dramas. There is a lonely splendour about the conception, a unique feeling of consecration about the performance which is indescribable, incommunicable.

E. C. SELLAR.



## A Visit to the "Institute Pasteur."

WHILE the Pasteur controversy is still occupying the public mind, and every country is busily engaged in discussing the pros and cons of hydrophobia and inoculation, a few particulars regarding the present aspect of the Pasteur Institution may perhaps be of some public interest.

When in Paris lately, I had the good fortune to be introduced to M. Pasteur, and permitted personally to inspect his Institution. The building, which is situated far from the fashionable world in the Rue Dutot, resembles in appearance a new and well-appointed hospital, being clean, light, and airy, with wide passages and large windows. One portion is set apart for the dwelling of this man of science, so that he literally lives in the midst of his work. The edifice was built for M. Pasteur by international public subscription, England being one of the few countries that did not subscribe.

The French State, which has always been noted for its generosity to science, in the case of M. Pasteur held out an unusually generous hand, otherwise probably inoculation for hydrophobia might never have been discovered, for experiments are costly, and necessarily numerous, and M. Pasteur not being a man of large means, if he had been hampered by the worry of expense at every turn, could never have accomplished such an enormous amount of research with such satisfactory results. So anxious is he for others to benefit by his experience, that his large laboratory contains fourteen tables, at which are found students of all nationalities and ages, from 25 to 50, some of them men who have already made their mark in science. To these students no charge is made beyond the price of materials they use; and every facility for scientific research is provided.

The laboratory is beautifully clean and well arranged, each worker having a large table fitted up with gas-jets, washing, carbolic apparatus, chemical stands, cupboards, &c. While every kind of heating, freezing, water, or disinfecting machine is ready for use.

My brother, Vaughan Harley, being lucky enough to be working at one of these tables, I had the advantage of his explanations of the *modus operandi*, as well as the more scientific descriptions of M. Pasteur and Dr. Roux.

When one speaks of the "Institute Pasteur," it is a mistake to imagine that it is an institution limited to the consideration of the rabies question alone, for, on the contrary, although the cure of rabies and cattle-plague may be said to be the chief objects of study, the bacteriology of every febrile disease affecting the animal kingdom forms a part of the investigations conducted in the laboratory. Consequently it appeals to our wider sympathies, in so far as the welfare of all our domestic animals is also considered.

As rabies and cattle-plague are, at present, of most public interest, I will limit my remarks to them, and give a few statistics regarding the fatality of these diseases, with and without inoculation, which may surprise some of my readers.

M. Pasteur, after his marvellous discoveries of germs of ferments and chicken cholera, turned his attention to the saving of human life; and as hydrophobia was not only a terrible disease, but one for which no remedy was known, he naturally set himself to work to discover its origin and cure. By stamping out or curing the disease in dogs, he hoped to be able to lessen the danger to human life.

Many years of labour proved to him that by inoculation he could give the disease, or cure it, in a dog; but it was not until July 1885 that the experiment was tried on a human being.

The first patient, a small lad, having been severely bitten in some dozen places, on the hands, arms, and legs, his mother, a simple peasant, brought him from Alsace and asked M. Pasteur to do the same to her son she heard he "did to dogs to prevent their getting hydrophobia." Pasteur hesitated; but having procured medical advice, all of which concurred as to the impossibility of the child's recovery, he (not being himself a doctor) let his surgeons inoculate the boy, which operation was repeated fourteen times—on two occasions twice in twenty-four



hours, to accomplish the task as quickly as possible. The child has not only never showed symptoms of hydrophobia, though it is now over four years since he was treated, but is fast growing to manhood.

During the four years that have elapsed since M. Pasteur inoculated his first patient, no fewer than seven thousand persons have been treated in the Paris Institution alone, of whom seventy-three have died, that is to say, about one per cent., while before he commenced his inoculation treatment, from fifteen to twenty per cent. invariably succumbed.

Pasteur has now made the interesting discovery that the nearer the part bitten is to the brain, the shorter is the period of incubation, and the more virulent the attack of the disease produced. While the ordinary mortality in such cases is eighty per cent., M. Pasteur by his treatment has reduced it to four per cent. Surely these facts speak for themselves!

I will now give a short description of the *modus operandi* of the inoculation itself as I saw it.

The large outer hall of the Institution by eleven o'clock contained eighty-nine persons composed of all classes, all nationalities, and all ages, who had come to be inoculated (free of charge), having previously had the misfortune to have been bitten by some rabid animal. On the right hand of the hall is a regular office, in which every case, with all particulars, is most carefully registered.

The cases are divided into three distinct groups:—

- 1st. Patients bitten by dogs supposed to be mad.
- 2nd.   "       "       "       certified to be mad.
- 3rd.   "       "       "       proved to have been mad by  
subsequent inoculation.

After the patient has furnished every possible particular, he crosses the passage to a small room on the left, where the inoculation is performed. There sits the operator, who is assisted by a doctor, a nurse, and a clerk, furnished with full particulars, and the number of each case.

The process is a remarkably simple one. A small hypodermic syringe, filled with the preparation, is injected under the skin, the point of the instrument being no bigger than a wool needle; the operation is as trifling as it is painless, and occupies about five seconds. It is repeated on fourteen successive days; the dose being made slightly stronger each time.

So quickly is the inoculation accomplished, and with such system, that the eighty-nine patients on this occasion were all attended to in forty minutes, and had all left the hall in less than an hour, although several cases of bad bites required surgical dressing before being sent away.

That waiting-room had indeed presented a curious spectacle, as may be judged from the fact that, among the anxious-faced group, I had noticed a little English girl (the first to be sent over by the Lord Mayor's Mansion House Fund), a French soldier, a Belgian fisherman, a German governess, a stately Arab in his flowing burnouse, together with some fifteen children, two or three of whom were almost babies.

While I was in the hall, an Anglo-Indian gentleman arrived. As he was unable to speak French, M. Pasteur called upon my brother to act as interpreter.

The poor man explained he had been badly bitten by a rabid animal in India a month ago. The local doctor amputated his mutilated finger as quickly as possible, notwithstanding which, a large abscess formed on the back of his hand, extending to the wrist; whereupon the doctor persuaded him to quit India at once, and put himself under treatment at the Institute Pasteur.

He landed at Marseilles, and came straight to Paris, where he only arrived the previous evening. Besides having an abscess on the hand, the whole of his arm was enormously swollen, and most painful. The description the poor man gave of his mental and physical sufferings during the voyage home was pitiable, his one hope being that he might arrive in time, although from the nature of his wound he felt there must be very great danger.

The range of incubating periods, in persons known to have been bitten by really rabid animals, according to M. Pasteur, are as follows :—

20 per cent. manifest the disease in 30 days.			
50	"	"	60 days.
70	"	"	90 days.
90	"	"	120 days.

The longest incubation period as yet authentically known is one solitary case, where the symptoms did not appear till fifteen months after the person was bitten, thus showing the incubating period of rabies may be from thirty days to fifteen months, a very much longer period than is usual in other germ diseases,

such as scarlet-fever, whooping-cough, typhus, typhoid, cholera, measles, or small-pox.

It may be as well for me to add that, in spite of assertions to the contrary, Dr. Ruffer, one of M. Pasteur's chief assistants, mentioned at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Leeds (August 16, 1889), that there was no proof whatever that any kind of disease had ever been given to a patient through being subjected to inoculation. So safe was it considered, that not only all the assistants, but even the mere servants employed in the Pasteur Institution had been subjected to the inoculation treatment, in order to avoid the risk that might occur from their being bitten by any of the rabid animals about the establishment.

I may here mention that the kennels and hutches are all arranged on the most modern principles, beautifully clean, and splendidly kept. In the case of the kennels occupied by the rabid dogs, the walls are all ironwork, and the doors, of which there are always two and sometimes three, draw up with pulleys from above, in order to avoid any possible danger to human life.

After the death of any rabid animal, it is cremated in a proper cremating furnace, that the germs which have done so much harm during life, may do no further damage after death.

It is quite wrong to suppose that the "Dog-days" are the most favourable to canine madness. Rabies occurs among dogs in the Arctic regions, as well as in the torrid zones—indeed sixty-five of Kane's sledge-dogs died of rabies—and at M. Pasteur's Institution the largest number of patients are treated in the cold month of February, and the smallest number in the hot month of August, entirely disproving our notion of the dog-days of summer.

The term "mad dog" is a misnomer, since the word "mad" is now used to denote insanity, which is a non-febrile disease, while rabies is a febrile disease, the delirium of which is analogous to the delirium present in all bad kinds of fever, having the peculiarity that it assumes the form of irritability of temper, and hence the victims manifest it by biting, while lunatics do not bite at all, or at least very rarely.

Some dogs howl, others have a curious sharp and incessant bark; most are dejected and sullen at first, and all are more or less violent in the later stages of the disease.

Most dogs, as well as human beings, have a horror of water in every form, either the sight, sound, or feeling of it throwing them into convulsions. This fear of water never manifests itself in the rabbit.

Some dogs die of paralysis without dread of water; but with an inability to swallow it—the mere effort to do so always bringing on a spasm of the gullet.

Paralysis is in general the last act in the drama of rabies.

Paralysis stands in an inverse ratio to that of the dread of water, in relation to the rabbit, dog, and man. In man, paralysis is rare; in the dog occasional, and common in the rabbit—which is exactly the reverse order of things in the case of the fear of water.

So beneficial has vaccination against anthrax proved, that in France the insurance companies insist on all cattle and sheep being vaccinated before they will undertake their insurance; this seems quite reasonable, considering that formerly ten per cent. of all sheep died of the disease, and now less than one per cent. lose their lives; whilst amongst cattle the mortality has decreased in much the same ratio. Last year 269,599 sheep and 34,464 cattle were vaccinated in France alone.

M. Pasteur's object at the present moment is to find some means of procuring virus to use in inoculation, without having to employ rabbits for its production.

For anthrax he has already found a way of procuring virus of the right strength when wanted, without sacrificing animal life; but in the case of rabies all attempt to save the poor rabbit has as yet been futile. Such, however, are the marvellous powers of science, that it is not likely to be long ere some mode of procuring a rabic virus will be discovered.

The reason a Pasteur Institute could not be started in London was the impossibility of sacrificing one rabbit daily for inoculation, consequently a fund was raised to send our poor to Paris to be treated by M. Pasteur—eleven cases being sent by these means in the first month. He makes no charge to any one, but requires the patient to stay somewhere in Paris for a fortnight, and appear daily at his Institution for inoculation, where the virus of the different strength required is always kept ready in a special chamber, and placed in small glass cups before use, sealed over at the top with paper to prevent any particle of dust from entering. The strength, and date are written on the paper, through which the point of the syringe enters.

At the time of the operation there are about a dozen of these cups in use, and it is quite marvellous to see the dexterity with which the well-cleaned syringe is plunged into the right virus, for each particular patient.

Any mistake of course might cause a most serious accident ; but none such ever occurs.

M. Pasteur has treated hundreds of English generously, and yet in this country more abuse is poured upon his head than gratitude—by those who have not thoroughly understood the subject.

Notwithstanding, anti-vivisectionists turn up their eyes in disgust and wring their hands in horror, at the idea of a Pasteur Institution being started in London, preferring to see their fellow-beings lose their lives rather than that one rabbit should die to save ten or fifteen living persons ; other countries think differently, there being already nineteen anti-rabic Institutions in working order, while two more are in preparation. Russia heads the list with six ; Italy follows with five ; while others are to be found in Constantinople, Bucharest, Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Havannah, Chicago and Malta.

M. Pasteur, the originator of all this system, is a man of some seventy years, short in stature, with grey hair, and a short beard encircling a kind and genial face, warm-hearted to a degree, and possessing all the charm of French manner. He does very little personal work or research now-a-days, but carefully superintends everything done under his roof, a large portion of the work being accomplished from his own personal instructions.

M. le docteur Roux at present delivers the lectures and superintends generally under M. Pasteur, relieving his chief in every possible way from overwork.

The day we were there, Dr. Roux himself did the operations, and afterwards kindly showed us over the place. Although quite a young man, he seems to be M. Pasteur's right hand.

The army of anti-vivisectionists (amongst whom are generally to be found the long-haired class of men, and the short-haired class of women !) are the true cruelists, inasmuch as they impede experimental research, the quickest and surest way of discovering the secrets of life, which enable us to solve the dark problems of disease.

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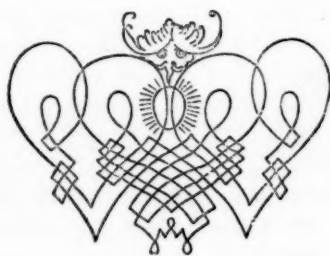
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I only wish a few of these prejudiced beings, who flourish on our English soil, would go over to Paris, and see for themselves

this wonderful Institution and its workings, or gain a few minutes' conversation with its originator, when I feel sure all their cries would be silenced, and they would see how much more cruelty is done in our own country under the head of sport, or in the brutal treatment of dumb animals in our streets, than is ever perpetrated in the field of science, for the safety of human lives—no animal being ever touched except under the influence of chloroform, no animal being ever sacrificed except in the interests of science, and that naturally means the interests of all animal life as well.

ETHEL B. TWEEDIE.



## Licymnia.

HOR. Od. ii. 12.



SAVAGE Numantia's years of war,  
Obdurate Hannibal. Sicily sea,  
Curdled to crimson with Punic gore,  
These be no themes for my lyre and me.

Lapithæ brawling, Hylæus in revel.  
Tumult of giants by Hercules quelled.  
Lustihead earthborn that thought to level  
Adamant castles by Saturn held.

Leave them, Mæcenus, 'twere better to tramp,  
Timing your facts to the beat of prose,  
Following Cæsar from camp to camp,  
Dressing the pageant of manacled foes.

Me the Muse summons to make thy maid,  
Pretty Licymnia, duly renowned,  
How her song flowed, how her love-looks played;  
How she and you were in troth-plight bound,

How it beseemed her to dance and sport,  
Paying the forfeit or taking the prize,  
Linking with lasses in Dian's court,  
Watched by the town with its numberless eyes.

Would you for wealth, by the Persian stored,  
Would you for tribute that Phrygians bear,  
Would you for Araby's fabulous hoard,  
Give up a lock of Licymnia's hair?

When to hot kisses she turns at her leisure,  
Whispers a No, which her face belies,  
Glad to be robbed of what you will treasure  
Apt to forestall you with gay surprise.

OFELLA.

## A Turkish Landgrabber.\*

IT is just nine years—it seems only yesterday—since I first saw his tall athletic figure, his piercing eyes, like jewels set in bronze glittering in the sunlight, glancing full at me from the sun-tanned face—a noble face with proud aquiline features framed in grey locks which peeped forth like a silver rim, from under the crimson fez which he wore and which seemed to be part of himself, to have grown to him, so inseparable was it from the head which it covered. Stepan Boda, such was my friend's name, lived in a good-sized farm, his own property, in the outskirts of Antivari, a little town reduced to ruin in the last war and then ceded to Montenegro. But the Angel of War had been kind to Stepan, and had not overshadowed his house; there were nothing but signs of peace. It stood in a homely farm-yard, where I loved to saunter in the caressing rays of the sun, full of those sounds and objects sweet to the soul of a country-bred man. There was a great stack of dried maize-stocks against which I used to nestle and sketch, and under which the fowls would congregate in clucking harmony to scratch up treasures from the earth; and I used to watch them lazily for more hours than I like to confess, giving sudden digs with an air of dubious expectancy, exploring the result with looks of pleased surprise, darting pecks at their discoveries in victorious satisfaction, until I almost felt my soul transmigrating into them, and myself their sympathetic companion with no ogreish suspicion of the future meals they would provide. Then a fierce old watch-dog, who abominated strangers and who at first regarded me with keen suspicion, would come and poke his friendly nose under my indolently dropped hand, and

\* The chief incidents of this attempt at "landgrabbing" are related in as nearly as possible the same terms as they were to the writer by the principal actor in them. It will be observed that they took place some forty years ago, and it should be added that of recent years no similar occurrences, so far as the writer is aware, have taken place in Turkey.

press his head upwards for a caress, whilst the tip of his tail, slowly wagging, made tiny regular beats on the ground and set fragments of straw in little puffs of dust dancing in the sunlight, so many atoms of gold shining through ruddy mist until, his suspicions aroused by some sight or sound without the range of my dull human sense, he would dart away and round the other side of the house, furiously awaking the echoes with his deep bass bark. Straightway I would forget him and watch with sleepy approbation the gambolling of the calves in the meadow beyond, where their mothers lay reflectively chewing the cud, from time to time lazily whisking tails against aggressive flies, or giving a faint grumbling low of disapproval at the outrageous activity of their offspring despite the hot summer sun; or would let my eyes wander slowly along the deep-eaved wall with the ladder leaning up against it where the olive-press was, and further on to the wooden stair-way leading up from the yard to the loft, until they rested finally on the grey olive trees through which from afar off shone patches of the blue Adriatic. A sleepy, happy, lotus-eating kind of being I was at such times, the monotonous murmur of the summer insects in the scented air and lazy chirping of birds, and distant tinkling of sheep-bells, lulling me to greater repose, with only a distant consciousness that I ought to be sketching and not idle to make the repose all the more delicious.

"Heugh!" I am woken up one afternoon, as indeed I was on many, from some such delicious excursion into the Land of Forgetfulness, by the curious throat whistle of my friend Boda, the sound with which Albanian shepherds call the attention of their sheep. I watched him from under half-closed eyelids—his tall commanding figure, his noble features, and his curious, feeble, tottering gait. I had frequently wondered at the contrast presented by this gait—the gait of a broken-down old man—to the rest of his demeanour and apparent strength, but had never forgotten politeness so far as to show my curiosity.

"Well, Sir," said Boda (I may here mention that we conversed either in Italian, which is spoken all down that coast, or Turkish, in both of which tongues I was pretty proficient), "I hope the cock did not annoy you again last night, and that Maria is learning how to attend upon you."

"Maria," I answered, "is most attentive. I could not ask to be better waited upon. The cock" (I should here mention that the fowl-house was underneath my bed-room) "began to crow

at about half-past one in the morning and continued until day-break when I arose."

"I shall slay the cock," said Boda impressively.

"Can I help you to catch him?" I asked.

"No, he is a tame bird and will come at my call," he replied, tottering away to put his decision into execution; "you shall have him for supper. I am coming back—I wish to speak to you."

Whilst he is slaying the cock, I will state for my readers' information that the rest of the household consisted of Boda's wife, an energetic grey-haired woman, with bright, piercing eyes, completely devoted to her husband; and Maria, a woman of say between forty-five and fifty, active, and having the remains of what had evidently been remarkable beauty, but very nervous and shy, who helped in the cooking and cleaning, and the small amount of waiting that I required. She spoke to me as little as possible, indeed she scarcely ever spoke to any one, though quiet and firm affection seemed to dwell in the little household. In a few minutes Boda returned.

"He will trouble you no more unless he gives you evil dreams to-night," said he, smiling. "It is a pity; he was a fine bird, and I loved him, but you know the Turkish proverb, 'The untimely crowing cock has his head cut off.' Well! Well! he must have died some time or other. And now permit me to ask you, my Effendi,—will you pardon me if I change some of the furniture in your room? You shall be incommoded as little as possible, and——"

"The furniture is yours, my dear Boda," I interrupted, "pray make no ceremony; I have my camp equipment with me, and could really do without furniture as long as you leave me the room."

"I am ashamed to ask you this," said Boda; "it is utterly against my desire. The fact is"—here he blushed and stammered,—"the fact is, that my eldest son has asked for his portion, and to-morrow I must divide my goods, and give him his share."

I began to think that I was still dozing, and that my dreams had taken the shape of the "Prodigal Son," with Boda acting the part of the father. I watched Arslan, the dog, gathering himself together for a mighty bark, in the expectation that he would act like the ordinary dream animal and turn into something else, or that instead of barking he would speak. But he gave vent to so uncompromising a wide-awake bark that the cows, startled,



slowly got up and looked round to see what was the matter, and a cat, creeping cautiously along the eaves on its way to the loft, stopped, wagged its tail, stealthily seated itself, and smiled down defiance.

"But what do you do that for?" I enquired. "Surely you are not bound to split up your property during your lifetime unless you desire?"

Boda looked at me with quiet surprise. "Of course my son has a right to his portion," he said; "it is the same in your country."

My contradiction of this statement was met by Boča with polite disbelief, and an evident impression that I was sadly ignorant.

"It is the same," said Boda, extending his remark, "in all countries."

I must say that I looked forward to the partition with much interest, and my curiosity was rewarded by my being the witness of an unexpected and to me, at the time, inexplicable scene. The two sons of Boda arrived with their wives on the morrow, both fine-looking young men, and apparently a little ashamed of their position. It did not require five minutes for me to perceive that it was the wife of the eldest son who was at the bottom of it all, and who was egging him on. This lady quickly let down her yashmak (I have forgotten to say that the Boda family was Catholic, but the Albanian Catholic ladies are quite as particular about their yashmaks as their Mussulman countrywomen), and, with great shrillness of voice and volubility of tongue, set about claiming half of everything of value in the house—everything. There were two brass candlesticks in my room: she took one; there was a large mirror: she said she must have half; it could be divided into frame and glass—the frame she would leave to the father, the glass she would take. This caused a most excited discussion, at the end of which she relinquished her claim on condition of receiving ample compensation in some other form. There were two iron bedsteads in the house, one used by old Boda and one by me; she wanted mine. After more wrangling, old Boda went and whispered in her ear, but she was not to be lulled into such weakness as a whisper.

"Then give the Effendi your own," she bawled; "he is not my guest, and can't lie on my bed."

Gradually her husband—the other son stood quite aloof, and accepted shamefacedly what had been allotted as his portion—got dragged into the quarrelling, at first half-heartedly, but

finally to quite as thorough an extent as his wife could wish. The climax was reached when the discussion turned upon the kitchen utensils. So far as I could make out, young Boda and his wife claimed them all : their claim was indignantly repulsed. Old Boda at last began to grow really angry ; he turned a deaf ear to his daughter-in-law, and bitterly reproached his son with his undutiful behaviour. The latter answered scornfully, and tempers were running dangerously high, when suddenly, to my intense surprise, Maria—the quiet Maria, who hardly ever addressed a word to any one, and who till that moment had seemed to stand an indifferent spectator of the scene—stepped forward with eyes and face aflame, and addressed to the younger Boda an apostrophe of startling energy and violence. She upbraided him and scolded at him with increasing fury, whilst all of us, as well as himself, stood looking at her in silent wonder, until her rage seemed to outdo her power of speech and she came to a full stop. Then she gathered herself together as if for a final effort, and deliberately spat in his face. For a moment surprise continued to hold every one still, and then young Boda, with a kind of angry growl, advanced upon her with arm upraised, as if to strike her to the ground. At once, with dramatic rapidity, the scene changed. Old Boda, seeming for an instant to regain his strength, was at one stride between the man and the woman, faced his son, and raised his arm as if he too were about to strike. His wife and other son rushed forward to prevent the unnatural collision, whilst Maria, white as a sheet, her eyes still aflame, clenched her hands and seemed to be preparing to make a spring, like some wild animal, upon the young man the moment the first blow was struck, and the other two women cowered in a corner, frightened at the result which the rapacity of one of them had produced. But young Boda had half crouched down, and stretched out his hand as if to deprecate the blow which his father seemed ready to deal him. Thus for a moment they all stood ; and never to my dying day shall I forget the extraordinarily dramatic picture they formed.

“Strike her not,” said old Boda at last, in a commanding tone ; “whoever strikes her, strikes me.”

“Quite right,” said his wife.

I can remember no more of what passed about the partition, I could pay it no more attention ; I kept on going over this scene in my mind, and endeavouring to explain it. I am ashamed to say that I arrived at conclusions concerning the relations

between old Boda and Maria not flattering to either of them, and only remained puzzled by the attitude of his wife. This I at last put down to "customs of the country," and felt satisfied.

A few days later, Boda approached me with the subject upon which I had always been so curious.

"Have you," he asked, "never considered it curious that a man of my build should be so crippled in his walk?"

"Well," I replied, "yes, I have."

"Ah!" [said Boda. "Well, my Effendi, after what you witnessed here the other day, I should like to tell you the story, if it will not tire you."

"Not at all," I answered; "I should of all things like to hear it."

My story (said Boda, after a short pause and with an evident effort to begin) is a sad one, and I fear it will not amuse you. About thirty years ago, I was a young man; I feared nobody; I was rich and influential; I wanted nothing. I was strong and active, no one could wrestle with me. At the time I am speaking of I had been married about three years; both my sons were already born. Now it happened that at about that time a new Mütessarif\* had come to Antivari, who was, even for their way, more greedy and rapacious than usual. I was in the Council of Notables, and had more than once endeavoured to stop some cruel injustice being done to the poor and powerless. Thus it came to be that the Mütessarif conceived a great enmity and dislike for me, and no doubt promised himself that he would be revenged. Now turning over in his mind how he could best strike me, it must have occurred to him that he would begin by ruining me; and one day he sent me a message, saying that he required a piece of my land, and would pay me fair and full price for it. You will understand, my Effendi, that for a Mütessarif a fair and full price is not the hundredth part of the real value of the property; moreover, even that price which he binds himself to pay, he never pays. The piece of land which he chose of mine was about the third of my property, and the richest which I had. I accordingly sent back word to say that I required no money, that my land was not more than I could work, and that I respectfully declined his kind offer. I heard that the Mütessarif was incensed at what he called my insolence, and that he made a vow that if the dog (meaning me) would not give up peaceably what was required of him, it should

\* District governor.

be wrested from him by force. Not a day then passed that the Mütessarif did not send me up a messenger to urge me to sell my land ; he even increased his price, though, as he never would have paid anything, that made but little difference. I, however, remained unmoved, and determined that not one arschin of ground should he have. He even took to openly threatening me when he by chance met me ; but I laughed at his threats, for I was powerful, and had many friends who, if he had tried to use force, would have stood together and supported me. At last he seemed to grow tired before my obstinacy, and for some time I heard nothing from him ; I began to hope that he had been conquered by my many refusals, and would thenceforward leave me in peace. But one day I again saw a messenger coming to me from the Mütessarif, and though I felt angry at his persistence, I could not but laugh within myself at the fresh refusal he would receive, and the rage he would be in. To my surprise the messenger brought nothing but words of peace and friendship. The Mütessarif, he said, was sorry that unfriendliness should have grown between us on account of a piece of land ; he valued my good-will more than a few deunums, which God would provide for him elsewhere ; he begged me to forget all that had passed, and to mark our reconciliation by coming that day to dine with him, bringing my wife also that she might receive hospitality in his harem. Now I knew the Mütessarif to be an evil man, and I conceived suspicions that under these smooth words there lurked some base treachery ; therefore, after careful consideration, I replied, also with honeyed words, saying that I was just gathering in my wine harvest, and that I begged he would have me excused. In less than an hour the messenger returned ; the Mütessarif, he said, was grieved at my refusal, it seemed that I was of an unforgiving heart and determined to be at enmity with him ; moreover a refusal to such an invitation looked as if I doubted his, the Mütessarif's, honour and feared that his hospitality covered evil designs ; he could not, said the messenger, doubt my courage, which was widely famed abroad, but nevertheless, in order to reassure me, he gave me his word of honour that no harm should come to me or mine, and he begged therefore that I would no longer refuse, but would, with my wife, honour his invitation. I still suspected him, but the allusion to my courage was too much for me, and I gave way. "Take many salutes to the Mütessarif from me," I said ; "tell him that I fear nothing ; that I will leave my work for to-day and

will be with him in an hour, and my wife shall come with me to pass on and pay her respects to the hannum." Then I turned and went to prepare myself. My wife was much frightened, and tried hard to dissuade me. But I would not listen to her; I bade her hold her peace, and not bother me with her woman's fears, but make herself ready to come with me. And so I walked forth with her from my home and went to the Konak. As we passed through the gates, and my wife left my side to turn to the door of the harem, I saw the Mütessarif seated under a big tree which was there, smoking a *narghilé*. He rose when he saw me, and advanced smiling towards me as if graciously to receive me. And even as I was bowing to make my first salaam to him, I was seized suddenly from behind and thrown on my back, and so was held by two men whilst a third bound my hands and feet. So suddenly was this done, and so completely was I taken by surprise that I had no time to resist. Within a minute after I had passed the gate I was lying a helpless log on the ground. I had heard my wife give a shriek, and could see from where I lay that she had been roughly stopped by two men, and forced to stay where she was. Then I heard the gates shut.

"Bring him here," said the Mütessarif. And they dragged me to him.

"Now, you dog," cried the Mütessarif, "will you give me that land or not?" I heard my wife crying to me not to be obstinate, but to bow before the will of the Mütessarif, and so obtain mercy, and go in peace and safety.

"Silence, woman!" I called to her. "You make me fear that you are the mother of cowards. Cease your crying, for I will not let my courage ooze through your eyes." But she stopped me again with her wailing. "Yield, Stepan, yield," she sobbed; "they will kill you; I shall have you no more, and your children will be fatherless. Yield! am not I and your children better than all your land?"

Then I paid her no more attention, and looking at the Mütessarif, I said, "This, Effendi, is no doubt a joke you are playing upon me, but you have frightened my wife too much. Tell these fellows to unbind me, and let me go, for we have had enough of this play."

The Mütessarif was smoking his *narghilé*, and evilly smiling to himself as he heard my wife's mourning. "Will you give me the land?" he said.

"No," I said ; "I have told you I will not. But do you forget your message to me—your word of honour that if I came to you now no harm should come to me or mine?"

"Empty words," he answered, disdainfully ; "what have such dogs as you to do with honour? If I want to kill an obstinate beast, do not I hold him out a tempting morsel in one hand and plunge my knife into him with the other? Is there any necessity that I should feel my honour hurt because he believes in the pleasant meal, and knows not of the knife? Honour!" said he, laughing bitterly, "what an insolent knave this is, to be sure! Will you give up your land, fellow?" he concluded, furiously.

For an instant my heart fell, as I heard my dear young wife weeping and moaning to herself ; but when I saw the Mütessarif smiling evilly again at her sobs, and smoking quietly the while, my rage knew no bounds. "No!" I shouted, "I would sooner die first! Do your worst, hound, and may the curse of God be upon you and your children for ever!"

"Then go on," said the Mütessarif, in a quiet voice, and settling himself back to smoke more comfortably.

At these words two men, who till then had been hidden behind the tree, came forth dragging between them two upright posts, with a horizontal plank fixed between them about three feet from the ground, in the centre of which were scooped two semicircular notches. They brought this up to me, then raising my feet from the ground, they bared them, whilst I did not struggle, for I saw that it was useless, and scorned to show fear, and bound my ankles tightly into the notches, my feet projecting over the other side. Then they went behind the tree again, and brought forth each a bundle of long heavy sticks, every stick as thick as three fingers. They each selected a stick, and went and stood on each side of me behind the posts.

"Will you give me the land?" said the Mütessarif.

"No," I replied through my set teeth.

"Then go on," said the Mütessarif in the same voice as before.

I saw the sticks go up and descend with all the force the men could command upon the soles of my feet. The pain was such that it seemed to me as if a mountain of agony had risen up from each foot, and was reaching up to the blue sky above me. At each blow the mountains sprang up higher, until they seemed to fill all space ; they seemed to crush me under their weight, and their bases were lakes of living fire. I heard my wife



shrieking, but it seemed as if the shrieks were an immeasurable distance off. My ears were full of confused sound, and the sky seemed to come down and meet my eyes ; I saw the branches of the tree between me and it, but they seemed to be part of my brain, and the leaves tortured me by their shivering. Yet the men had only struck me five times. Then there was a pause, and I heard the voice of the Mütessarif, mingled with my wife's screams, coming to me as if from far away, "Will you give me the land ?"

"No," I panted, but my voice was as the voice of another, I knew it not.

"Then go on." I thought it was the voice of the devil wafted to me from hell.

My legs seemed to have grown to two huge pillars upon which those fearful burning mountains were set ; the burning mountains seemed to be so full of raging fire that they were stretched beyond the strength of their sides ; when the blows recommenced the mountains burst and fell in rivers of fiery torment down the pillars, but new mountains sprung up at once and took their place : heavy crushing mountains of ice at first, but changing at once to the fires of hell again. The sky grew black, the leaves shook my brain with agony, my head burst, and I knew no more. My wife has told me the rest. After twenty strokes the Mütessarif stopped them and addressed the same question as before—"Will you give me the land ?" But this time he got no answer. He asked louder, but I made no sign nor sound. Then he rose and came and looked at me, puffing smoke in my face ; after which he went and sat down again comfortably by his *narghilé* and said, "Go on." One hundred blows they struck me on each foot ; they had to continually take fresh sticks, for the force of the blows soon shivered them to pieces. At the end, my feet were shapeless lumps of mutilated bleeding flesh, my legs swollen to twice their natural size, the nails had fallen from my toes and lay in pools of blood upon the ground. When the Mütessarif gave the final signal for them to stop, he had my wife brought up to me and told her brutally that she might walk back with me now, that the dinner was finished and he had no more to say ; then he rose and sauntered off into the Konak. She told me that even my executioners seemed to take some pity on her then, for they procured a litter and carriers for her, and bid her hasten to take me away lest the Mütessarif should change his mind.

For six months afterwards I lay near death ; many times they

thought that my legs would have to be cut off ; but in the end my strength triumphed and I recovered my health. But two things I lost. I have never since been able to walk except with the tottering gait of a feeble old man. I have walked like that (said Boda, sighing) for thirty years. And I lost my spirit ; it was broken. My friends came in and offered revenge, but I would not listen to them ; only I had made up my mind obstinately that I would never give up my land, and it is mine still."

Here Boda paused, and thinking that his story was finished, I said, "What a horrible story, my poor friend ! I feel myself that I would like to take vengeance for you on that cruel devil of a Mütessarif. What became of him ? Surely such an act was not allowed to pass unpunished ?"

"Wait, my Effendi !" replied Boda. "I have more to say." He paused for a moment, evidently under the effect of strong emotion ; then he continued :

I had a younger brother called Agostin, a splendid young fellow, beloved by every one, but by me as if he were another self. When I got well again, he came to me and said, "Stepan, you must revenge yourself ; no Skipetar can remain under such insult and offence as you have suffered at the hands of that dog of a Mütessarif unavenged. I would have shot him myself long ago, but whilst there was hope that you would live, I would not step in your place and take that pleasure away from you. Now you are well, you must lie in wait for him and shoot him. Fear no consequences ; I and many other lusty friends are here to protect you." But, as I told you, my spirit was broken, and though before I would never have refused a *vendetta*, I could not now bring myself to contemplate doing as my brother urged me. I knew he thought me a coward ; but he was generous, and knowing the suffering I had been through, he never reproached me with my want of courage, though he did not cease to endeavour to persuade me. At last, seeing that he could not rouse my spirit, he told me he should kill the Mütessarif himself. I strove hard to dissuade him, but for all answer he swore the *vendetta* against the Mütessarif, and with a laugh bid me hold my peace. The time of Agostin's wedding was then drawing nigh ; he was engaged to a lovely girl, the only child of a widow in Antivari. It is not the custom amongst us, as you know, to

see courtship or love before marriage ; the match is arranged by the parents of the young couple, and the bridegroom buys his wife at the price of a cow or two, or other valuables. But Agostin was an exception ; he had fallen in love with the girl and longed for the day of wedding her. She could bring him no property ; but he had his portion of land and his dwelling, and desired her only. He grew happier and happier as the day came closer, and I was glad not only for that, but because he seemed to have forgotten the *vendetta*, and I hoped that his marriage would make him change his mind, for I feared the *Mütessarif* in spite of my resolution to keep my land, and foresaw some evil to my dear Agostin, should he endeavour to execute his oath. On the eve of his wedding-day he came and sat with me for a long time ; he spoke of his happiness, and of how he loved his bride, and of his impatience at the length of the hours which separated her from him, and of how he would have her mother to dwell with them. "And you, my poor Stepan," he said affectionately ; "I know you cannot leap and dance like the others." I saw his face darken as he remembered why, and the fear came over my heart again. "But," he continued, "you must nevertheless be one of my bride's escort, and be a witness of my carrying her across my threshold. I cannot do without you at the happiest occasion of my life." I promised I would come, and we kissed each other lovingly, and then he went out from my house, singing a Turkish love-song, as happy as any man the sun shone upon.

The next day I went to the house of the bride to join in the escort which was to accompany her to my brother's house. You know that our custom is that the bride, veiled head to foot and mounted on a horse, should be taken by her own friends and those of the bridegroom to the bridegroom's house ; there he lifts her from the horse, carries her into his house, bids her welcome, and unveils her. Afterwards is the marriage-feast. So the procession started ; on my account it advanced at a slow pace ; but it was none the less merry and joyous for that. At the head was an *improvisatore*, playing wild and happy music on his clarionet, and the men were dancing and leaping round the bride's horse, firing their pistols into the air and shouting her praises aloud for all passers-by to hear, whilst the summer sun shone down upon us to gladden our hearts. When we neared my brother's house, and I saw the door wide open, and I thought of my brother waiting inside in rich happiness, his heart beating as he heard the bridal noise drawing close, I felt my own

heart beat in sympathy with his, and I was happier than I ever thought I could have been after the wreck of me by the bastinado; I loved my brother so dearly. I looked for him when we were quite close, but he did not show himself. When we stopped at the door, the firing and the playing ceased, and we waited for him to appear. "Come out, thou sluggard, Agostin!" called out one, "art thou afraid of our firing at thee?" Then there was a laugh, and another shouted, "Nay, he is shy, and is hiding from the eyes of his wife," and they laughed again. Still Agostin came not. "We must go in and drag him forth," called a third, and indeed, as Agostin gave no answer, two or three of his most intimate friends entered the house, and I tottered after them. But before I had reached the door they came out again with surprised faces; he was not there. The clarionet played joyfully again, and the firing of the pistols recommenced in order to call him. For more than an hour we waited, and the wedding-guests began to ask me impatiently what we were to do, when two mounted Zaptiehs suddenly rode up to the house.

"What's all this?" said one. "Go away all of you, whilst we seal up the house."

"You are mistaken," I said, with a great fear at my heart; "this is Agostin Boda's house, and his wedding-day, and we are waiting for him to come and take his bride."

"There will be no wedding to-day," said the Zaptieh, not roughly; he seemed a good fellow enough and sorry, "Agostin Boda is in prison at the Konak."

"In the name of God, what for?" I cried.

"He has killed the Mütessarif, and is in prison," said the Zaptieh; "it is no use your waiting here; you had better all go away."

The wedding-party had commenced rapidly to break up in dismay, when I heard a sobbing sigh and a heavy fall. We had forgotten the bride; she had fallen from the horse in a dead faint. Poor child! it was a sad unveiling; instead of the loving bridegroom proudly unveiling her, whilst she blushed and smiled and thrilled under his touch, it was I, with heavy fear and bitter sadness at my heart, who, hastily enough indeed, tore the veil from her to give her water and restore her, and saw her there with her face deathly white, and the long lines of tears wet upon her face. When she came to herself again she got up and, sobbing the while as if her heart would break, she disposed her

dress to look as little bridal as possible. Then she said to me through her tears, "Stepan Boda, take me home." So I seated her on her horse and we set our faces homewards. We passed over the ground which only two hours before we had trodden with joyful hearts, surrounded by the merry noisy wedding-party ; now we were alone, I tottering painfully and leaning heavily on her horse for support, she riding by my side, her face hidden in her hands, shaking with sobs. Well ! my Effendi, I tried hard to see my brother in prison, but they would not let me ; so I have never been able to find out for certain by what evil chance it happened that he met his opportunity for vengeance on his wedding-morning. From what the Zaptiehs, whom my friends and I questioned continually afterwards, let drop, I believe that he had seen the Mütessarif pass his house apparently alone, that he had seized his rifle on the spot and shot him dead there and then. But there was an escort, which my brother had not seen because it was hidden by a rise in the ground, only a hundred paces or so behind, so that he was taken red-handed. I say I believe that to be true, though nothing is certain, because Agostin was a hot-headed youth, and would not have waited to consider, if he thought he saw his chance.

"And what became of him ?" I asked.

"God knows only," replied Stepan ; "from that time to this I have never seen him, nor even been able to obtain any news of his fate. He may be living still ; he may have died then. The Turkish authorities here would never tell me anything or give me any clue. I even went to Stamboul, and after much time and great difficulty my whole story and Agostin's were laid before the Padischah. They told me that the Padischah was furious, and declared that the Mütessarif richly deserved to be killed, and that Agostin had done no more than was right. They bid me return to Antivari happy, for the Padischah would give the order that Agostin should at once be restored to me. And I did return happy with the hope in my heart. But either the Padischah forgot me, for I am humble, or else the order was given and they could not restore me Agostin and were ashamed to tell me. It is nearly thirty years since I saw him walking away from my house in the light of the setting sun, joyfully singing his Turkish love-song, his heart full of his beloved and the morrow which would give her to him. I long clung to the hope that one day I should see him return to us, but now that hope has quite died away. Only the priest says that I shall

meet him again in the Afterwards, and I try to content myself with the thought of our joy, his and mine, and hers who was to have been his wife, at meeting."

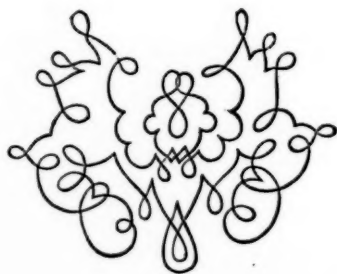
Stepan's voice trembled as he concluded his story, and the big tears stood in his eyes. Far away behind the blue Adriatic the setting sun was sinking, and the plain below us was glowing in the mellow golden light, the warm shadows growing longer and longer as if they were striving to carry a message of hope for the morrow to the East. From a distant Khan the wild music of an *improvisatore's* clarionet faintly reached my ears; it seemed like the echo of Stepan's story, and I fancied I could almost see the happy wedding-party dancing their way to Agostin's house, and then the lonely, mournful couple, the sorrowful and enfeebled man and the broken-hearted weeping woman, returning from it. I felt a sob rising to my throat and my voice was thick as I asked my last question.

"And what of the bride?" I said.

"Very shortly after what should have been her wedding-day her mother died," replied Stepan, "and she was left alone, ill with grief. I sent my wife to her to tell her to come to us and make our home hers; she came, and we have loved her always, and love her as a most dear sister. Poor child! she never could become happy again, but like me she has faith in the Afterwards. You know her," added Stepan after a slight pause and with a queer sad smile on his face—"she is Maria."

And then I understood the scene I had witnessed at the partition of the Boda property.

VINCENT CAILLARD.





## Rabelais.

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IN the debt which the nineteenth century owes to the sixteenth there are some outstanding accounts which do not seem as yet to have been precisely stated. And assuredly one of the largest of these is that under the name of Francis Rabelais. He is one of a trio of men who, born within a year or two of each other, not only moulded their own century, but live in every pulse of ours. With two of these we have no great difficulty as to the appraisal. Luther stands in our minds for Protestantism and all that it contains. Ignatius Loyola represents the genius of Catholicism and the reassertion of the principle of authority in religion. But the third of our trio, the Frenchman, can we fit him into a formula as easily as the German and the Spaniard? And yet he is to be reckoned with. He is one of the creators of the modern spirit, and his force, so far from being spent, is a tide steadily rising. Any one who considers the present free-trade in literature and ideas, the way in which the inner life and thought of different peoples is mingling and inter-penetrating, and who then studies the influence which Rabelais has exerted on one of the most important of these peoples and literatures, will recognize in him a power for good or ill not inferior to that of the commanding spirits whose names we have placed beside his own. No man, it is safe to affirm, is more distinctly responsible for the France of to-day. Not only may we say, with Châteaubriand, that he is the father of French literature, but that he is, in a way, the father of the French character. For the makers of France who have come after him, both the thinkers and the actors, have all worked with the consciousness of this man behind them. It is not the extent to which succeeding writers have quoted him or drawn on his materials. It is that he created for his countrymen an atmosphere, a medium through which they saw things. At a critical period in the history of

civilization, when men's views and feelings on the most vital subjects were in a state of fusion, waiting for fresh moulds in which to run, Rabelais struck in and made one. It was not Calvin's or Luther's or Loyola's. That it was so far away from theirs has made all the difference to the modern world. We propose in this sketch to try and find out what kind of a mould it was—in other words, to trace out some of the bearings of Rabelais' influence on the life of to-day.

What is known of his career is an oft-told story and need not detain us here. How he was born at Chinon in Touraine somewhere about 1490; how, entering the monastery of Fontenoy-le-Comte at an early age, he spent fifteen years there amassing the learning which made him one of the prodigies of his time; how he finally left the monastery, disgusted with the monkish system, and took to wandering; how, in the service of the Cardinal de Bellay, he made successive visits to Rome, studied and practised medicine at Montpellier, Lyons, and elsewhere, moved in the society of the most eminent men of his time, was protected by Francis I. and Henry II. from the fury of his ecclesiastical adversaries; how he obtained by the favour of his patrons various pieces of ecclesiastical preferment, and died in peace in 1553:—is not all this written at large in many histories?

The origin of his great work is, perhaps, not so well known. The five books containing the "famous history of Gargantua and Pantagruel" which are his legacy to the world, arose out of an ordinary Middle-Age giant story which Rabelais wrote or rather re-edited, as a "pot boiler," for a Lyons bookseller. It was entitled "The great and inestimable Chronicle of the enormous Giant Gargantua." Though a collection of puerile stories, without merit, it had immense vogue, there being, to quote Rabelais himself, "more sold in two months than of Bibles in nine years." This remarkable success appears to have determined him to write a continuation. It was when he took pen in hand to really create something of his own that his genius declared itself, and the giant story became henceforth a bare outline, into the filling up of which he poured, in successive volumes, the inestimable treasures of his learning, of his imagination, his philosophy, and humour.

It is to-day almost universally admitted that the history of Pantagruel which forms Book 2 of the Rabelaisian series is really the first in the order of production. The "Gargantua," which now stands first, has for its title "The inestimable Life of

the Giant Gargantua, the father of Pantagruel, a Book full of Pantagruelism : " a description which supposes already a knowledge of Pantagruel in the reader. These two first books contain many incidents of the original giant story.

The remaining three were published at long intervals, the fifth appearing after his death. The authenticity, indeed, of this latter has been the occasion of much controversy ; but it is now generally accepted by criticism as being substantially the work of our author.

The leading personages in the story are Grandgousier, Gargantua, and Pantagruel, respectively grandfather, father, and son, all giants and all kings, Panurge, a clever rascal whom Pantagruel picks up in Paris, and the jovial monk, Friar Jean, who represents the better side of monachism. Innumerable other personages crowd the vast canvas, some allegorical, others thinly veiled caricatures of persons living at the time.

He tells us himself that he wrote at haphazard during meal-times, and that one of his primary objects was to cheer by his merry stories the invalids whom his medical practice brought him in contact with. No one, probably, was further than himself from imagining, when he began the work, the scope it would take, and the influence it would exert in the world.

It is time now to study more closely that scope and that influence. But it is here precisely that our difficulties begin. Rabelais is, *par excellence*, the stone of stumbling for hasty generalisers. How tempting, for instance, for the phrase-monger to sum him up as representing the pagan side of the Renaissance ! The definition will do provided you keep your eye turned steadily away from one whole half of the man. He has been compared with Lucian ; and it is easy, if we want to, to multiply resemblances between them. Like the great second-century writer, Rabelais had absorbed all the learning of his time. Like him he made the object of his raillery not only the established religion, but also the philosophies most in vogue. And the dubious attitude of Lucian towards Christianity, the new religion which was replacing the official paganism of the empire, might be compared with Rabelais' relation to the reformed faith. But we should utterly mistake the author of Pantagruel if we simply made him a second edition of the old world Pyrrhonist who wrote the " Hermetimus " and " Dialogues of the Gods." A still greater blunder would be to take him, as some of the older commentators have done, altogether *au sérieux* : to regard him as

"a man with a mission," who had set himself definitely to destroy certain things in the world, and to build up others, whose "Contes gras" and wild buffooneries concealed grave meanings which it behoved the critic to search out and expound. It is, in fact, no use approaching him with hypotheses or endeavouring to fit him into definitions. He is his own definition: Rabelais is Rabelais. He has put his whole self into his work, and that self is a marvellously mixed one. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde are both there. "He will be the enigma of posterity," wrote Pierre Boulanger of him after his death, and the prediction has been verified. A book could be filled with the contradictory opinions formed of him by the ablest men from Montaigne downwards. Victor Hugo's line is hardly an exaggeration:

"Rabelais qui nul ne comprit."

Instead, then, of beginning by labelling him with a phrase, let us rather study some of his many sides and allow our theory of him, if theory there must be, to grow, instead of being made.

First, what does he count for in the purely intellectual side of the sixteenth-century movement?

There is one thing in which all who have studied him are agreed and that is the encyclopædic character of his attainments. When Panurge was first encountered by Pantagruel he replied to his enquiries in thirteen different languages. They were all of them tongues with which the author was conversant. He was a master of Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, German. The Greek and Latin literatures were at his fingers' ends. He was profoundly versed in law and in philosophy. Though he despised astrology and the black arts, no man was more familiar with their lore. He was acknowledged as one of the first authorities of his day in medicine and in botany. In his quotations and allusions, whether it be a question of the Hebrew casuists, or of some obscure commentator on Aristotle, of Arab doctors, of Neoplatonist speculation, or of the disputed questions of the Schools, he is never caught tripping. The enormous range of his learning is only equalled by its exactness. And this strikes us the more when we remember the state of letters in France in the earlier part of his career. She was at least fifty years behind Italy in the Renaissance. While Italy had Greek professors in the time of Petrarch and Boccaccio, the University of Paris was still in the bog of Scholasticism. Greek and Hebrew were ignored; Homer,

Pindar and Thucydides were almost unknown names. Before his career was over Rabelais saw an immense change in this respect. "The world," says he, "is full of learned men, of ample libraries, of excellent teachers, so that I hardly think in the times of Plato or of Cicero there was greater commodity of study than one sees now." But this state of things was largely his victory.

Perhaps one of the most striking signs of his presence in the sixteenth century as an intellectual force is the mark he has left on the French language. He may be said to have presided at the birth of his native tongue as an instrument of literature. Up to his day the learned world everywhere regarded Latin as the only respectable medium of ideas. Rabelais showed to Europe what could be done with his native French. But he dealt with it not as its servant, but as its master. In order that its previously somewhat thin stream might carry the deeply laden bark of his learning and imagination he found he must both broaden and deepen it. And he plies his task like one of those steam navvies which now-a-days cut through isthmuses and hew out ship-canals. We doubt if a writer could be named in any literature who wrought such structural changes and introduced such quantities of new elements into a language as did he. The Rabelaisian vocabulary is unique. It contains spoil from all the great literary languages, as well as from all the dialects of his own. A glossary of Rabelais contains 952 Latin and 547 Greek words introduced by him. To make him easily comprehensible to the nineteenth century he needs three distinct orders of commentator : first, a classic, for his innumerable allusions to antiquity ; secondly, a competent mediævalist ; and thirdly, an intelligent provincial, for the local references and patois.

A writer of the first rank, who appears in literature at a time when his native language is a finished instrument, enjoys the advantage of its richness and adaptability to all the shades of his thought. But he pays for his privilege. He is the servant of his language, and not its master. There are times when he will envy in this respect the position of a Rabelais, standing like a giant forger as the molten stream of the new tongue flows hissing past him, and moulding it as he lists.

Coming from the language to the matter of his works, it is impossible to pass their threshold without noticing the extraordinary license he permits himself, a license frequently amounting to an obscenity which repels and disgusts. "You

may wash him," says Thackeray somewhere, "and scrub him to your heart's content, but you will never get him clean." It is true. His work is certainly not *virginibus puerisque*. A Bowdlerised Rabelais would be no Rabelais at all. That he had any idea himself of outraging decency or morality in this is not in the least probable. It was the manner of his age. It was a time which saw no irregularity in a Margaret of Navarre writing books of mystical devotion and the *Heptameron*. Hutten's '*Litteræ Obscurorum Virorum*,' the book which has been called the egg out of which Luther hatched the Reformation, contains stories as gross as any which Panurge recounts. The fiercest opponents of Rabelais in his own day did not fasten on these things as the objectionable matter. Had he not attacked the Sorbonne and the Papacy, his Catholic readers would have found here no ground of offence. Calvin only began to denounce him when his earlier leanings to Protestantism had disappeared.

It seems to us an outrage on the religious sentiment for Friar Jean to cry "*Venite Apotemus*" as a jovial invitation to the wine cup, travestying thus the *Venite Adoremus* of the Breviary; and a monstrous blasphemy to put into a rollicking apology for drinking, the word of Christ upon the Cross: "*Sitio—I thirst.*"

But his readers of the sixteenth century would find nothing in this particularly shocking. The mystery plays of the Middle Ages, produced under the direct sanction of the Church, went far beyond this. What should we say, for instance, to the following passage, which we find in the mystery of "*The Three Kings*"? The angel Gabriel, after Christ has died upon the cross, wakes up God the Father, who is fast asleep, in these terms:—

"Père éternel, vous avez tort  
Et devriez avoir vergogne;  
Votre fils bien-aimé est mort  
Et vous ronflez comme un ivrogne!"

To which the Father replies:—

"Il est mort!  
Le diable m'emporte si je le savais!"

It was an age of giants, of rude, boisterous strength in all departments. But our canons of good taste, our ideas of the becoming, were as foreign to it as universal suffrage or the electric light.

To reach the summit to which the Rabelaisian pathway leads



means, then, a good deal of wading through the mire. We have, as Saint-Beuve says, to take long leaps if we would avoid the muddy places. But when there, the outlook is marvellously extensive, and across some of the richest tracts of country. Let us take a glance or two.

No question touches the modern world more closely than that of education. We are eager for light not only in schools and colleges, but also as to private culture. We have lists drawn out of "The hundred best books," and we read eagerly what distinguished men have to say on "Books that have influenced me."

Our author had his ideas on education, which the nineteenth century may still have something to learn from. He had for one thing a sense quite remarkable for his age of how not to do it. His account of the early training of Gargantua, his description of the library of Saint Victor, and, above all, the celebrated oration of Master Janotus, Dr. of the Sorbonne, apropos of the bells of Notre Dame, covered with merciless ridicule the old scholastic method, and may be said to have been its death-blow. On the other hand, let us see what he regarded as the true idea of a liberal education. We get a good specimen of it in the letter of Gargantua to his son Pantagruel, in Book 2: "I desire that you learn the languages perfectly. First the Greek, as Quintilian advises, and then the Latin. After that, Hebrew, for the Holy Scripture, as well as Chaldee and Arabic. In Greek, form your style on Plato; in Latin, on Cicero. Of the liberal arts, as geometry, arithmetic and music, I gave you some taste while you were young, five or six years ago. Follow them up and especially astronomy. Let astrology alone, as vain and useless. Of civil law I want you to learn by heart the best texts, and to compare them with philosophy. I want you also to give yourself specially to the study of the facts of nature, so that there be no sea, river, fountain, of which you do not know the fishes, and that you may know also the birds of the air, all trees . . . all the metals and precious stones. Study carefully the medical works of the Greeks, Romans, and Arabs, without despising the Talmudists and Cabalists; and by frequent anatomical practice acquire knowledge of that other world, viz. man. And for a certain time each day study the Holy Scriptures, first, in Greek, the New Testament and epistles of the Apostles, and then, in Hebrew, the Old Testament." This programme represents, we imagine, pretty accurately the line of study pursued by Rabelais himself in the fifteen years he spent

as a Cordelier at Fontenoy. Lest, however, we should suppose that our philosopher regarded a limitless course of reading as comprehending the whole of education, we may turn to his history of Gargantua in Book 1, and study the plan laid down for him by his tutor Ponocrates. We find there seven pages out of ten taken up with a description of his gymnastic exercises, and the general training and care of the body. It is singular that his countrymen have in this respect so egregiously failed to catch the spirit of their master. The French youth at school and college knows next to nothing of out-door sports as we understand them. Education with him is a constant drive of the brain. What exercise he gets is grudgingly allowed in just sufficient quantity to keep his body going. If in this respect they had taken to heart the lessons of their mentor, and had taught their young people, as Gargantua was taught, to swim, to run, to ride, to hunt, to handle arms, and to live in the open, we should not now be hearing so many complaints of their physical degeneracy. But Rabelais has not finished when he has drilled body and brain. At the end of the letter from Gargantua, from which we have already quoted, we have his view of the moral side of the question. "But since, as Solomon says, wisdom enters not into an evil mind, and knowledge without conscience is only the ruin of the soul; therefore serve, love, and fear God, and in Him place all thy thoughts and all thy hope; and be joined to Him by faith which works by love. . . . Give not thy heart to vanity, for this life is transitory, but the Word of God abideth for ever. Be serviceable to thy neighbours, and love them as thyself. Revere thy teachers, flee the company of men whom you do not wish to resemble, and receive not the grace of God in vain."

After three centuries of theory and experiment in education it is to be doubted if we have got hold of anything better than this.

If these were his intellectual ideals, what were his political and social ones? In politics it is not surprising to find him a royalist, when we remember that it was to Francis I. and his successor Henry II. that he owed his security in the midst of the fierce hatreds which his writings produced. But his loyalty was a very different thing from the prostrate homage which a Boileau or a Molière offered to Louis XIV. It never prevented him from speaking out all his mind, and his mind at times was in anything but a respectful mood. In the 30th chapter of Book 2

Epistemon visits the lower regions and brings back marvellous news. He finds that the great ones of the earth have in that quarter their positions reversed. Alexander the Great gains his living by mending old clothes and Nero by playing the fiddle. The philosophers, on the contrary, are in great honour. Cyrus, who was in dire distress, begged a crown piece of Epictetus ; "but the other scoundrelly kings down there, such as Darius, Alexander, and others, stole it from him during the night." In his second Book he gives us his opinion of kings who are conquerors and nothing else. "They are men who know nothing and care for nothing, except to do harm to their poor subjects and to trouble the whole world by war, for their sole and detestable pleasure."

His ideal of government was evidently that which Lord Beaconsfield more than once hinted at—that of a sage and capable monarch who sums up in himself, and gives expression to, the collective opinion and feeling of his people. His three gaints, Grandgousier, Gargantua, and Pantagruel, are all model kings, wise, affable, peaceful, detesting war for its own sake, but capable when attacked of defending themselves and their subjects.

Could anything be more admirable as a picture of the attitude of a true governor under difficult circumstances than that of Grandgousier when attacked by the fire-eating Picrochole ? Though conscious of vastly superior strength, yet, hating the ravages of war, he sends embassy after embassy to his hostile neighbour in order to bring him to reason and to keep the peace. He drops sentences here worthy to be written in letters of gold in the cabinets of kings : "We call that brigandage and wickedness which the Saracens and barbarians of former days called prowess." "The imitation of the Alexanders, the Hercules, the Hannibals, the Scipios, the Cæsars, and such like we regard as contrary to the profession of the Gospel, by which we are commanded to keep, rule and administer each one his country and territory and not hostilely to invade those of others."

The same excellent temper governs Pantagruel, who in Book 3 gives us his ideas on the proper way of treating a conquered country. "The true method," says he, "is not, as has been the maxim of certain tyrannical spirits, to their damn and dishonour," (the allusion here is to Machiavel) "to pillage, force, anger, ruin, and rule them with a rod of iron ; but, on the contrary, as with an infant newly born, to nurse, cradle and cherish them. . . . As a

person recovering from a long illness they should be nourished, spared and built up. Good treatments, gracious gifts. . . . laws which suit the special habitudes of the country :—here are the philtres and the charms of love by means of which one will peacefully retain what one has with difficulty conquered." It would be well for modern Europe if it had assimilated these maxims.

It is impossible in fact to study Rabelais anywhere in his views on government and political policy without recognizing a spirit truly generous and humane, a man who hated oppression, and who believed that power was a trust to be employed in making one's fellow-men happier and better.

At the same time his instincts were aristocratic. He believed in an aristos of position and ability. On the subject of a representative government he makes Pantagruel express himself thus. It is in his adjudication on the famous case of Baisecul *v.* Homvesne. "In all companies there are more fools than wise men, and it is the majority usually that carries the day." The sentence itself is a quotation from Livy, but it would have been beautifully appropriate in the mouth of Thomas Carlyle. The Curé of Meudon and the Sage of Chelsea were very much at one, methinks, on the subject of the democracy.

The aristocratic feeling runs through his dainty conception of the Abbey of Thelema, the main lines of which Mrs. Besant has so pleasantly reproduced. Intended in the first place as a set-off against the ordinary monastic idea, to which it is in almost every respect a contradiction, that in it which chiefly impresses us is something which probably never presented itself directly to the mind of the author. The gay and elegant society which he there imagines is a society built upon the labours and sacrifices of the many. These dames and cavaliers occupy themselves at no time in tasks that are useful. They live on revenues which are not the fruit of their industry. They are patterns of chivalry, of politeness, of grace. They are *bon compagnons*, accomplished, altogether charming ; but the nineteenth-century man cannot easily get out of his head the condition of the helots who, perforce, must carry on their weary shoulders the burden of this privileged existence. It is a "far cry" from the Abbey of Thelema to the Phalanstery of Fourier. Both these social theorists house their community in a palace. *Fais ce que voudras* is over the lintel of the two alike. But the

sixteenth-century scholar opens his doors only to the privileged few, while the reformer of the nineteenth includes in his scheme every human being.

Perhaps the one other thing which will most strike a modern observer in his study of the Utopia of Thelema is the position assigned in it to woman.

In the description of the gorgeous costumes in which they array themselves, we are told that the style of dress for each day for both sexes is to be of the ladies' ordering. *Car le tout estoit fait selon l'arbitre des dames.* This piece of gallantry on the part of Rabelais is the more remarkable as it is so entirely contrary to his usual style of thinking on this subject. The want of respect for woman is indeed a radical defect of his work. He is false here to the Renaissance spirit. In Italy it had idolised woman. Dante and Petrarch consecrated to her their loftiest poetry, while Raphael and Michel Angelo made her features shine with a mystic, celestial beauty. In the sphere of Protestantism Luther in his public teaching and in his own home treated woman with serious and Christian respect: a sentiment echoed by Erasmus in his treatise on Christian marriage. Rabelais' heresy in this particular must be ascribed to his early associations and to his monkish training. We never hear of his mother, and she probably had died before exercising any influence over him. To the monkish orders, with their vows of celibacy and chastity, woman represented the greatest of temptations, the shortest road, in fact, to the bottomless pit. And when, as in the time of Rabelais, these strict rules had produced a reaction in favour of unbridled license, the conception of woman remained the same. The demoralised monk in pursuit of sensual enjoyment thought of his partner only as an instrument of his pleasures, and, when conscience pricked him, as the occasion of his downfall.

To one who, like Rabelais, had passed through such a training it would have been like jumping off his own shadow to have thought of woman as a teacher and an inspirer, as one who could be intellectually or spiritually a helper to man. Hence all through his work, knowledge, virtue, nobleness of character, are embodied in his men. Woman is the butt of his ridicule, the object of his "Contes gras." It is a capital fault, the influence of which has been disastrous on his countrymen. Had France possessed from the beginning of her literature, instead of the Rabelaisian idea, the image of a noble womanhood, helping man



towards his loftiest ideals, the history of her literature and of her people might have been different.

The attitude of Rabelais towards the great religious questions of his day is an interesting study. We see clearly that his differences with the leaders in the mighty strife that was then being waged were not so much an affair of doctrines as of temperament. And his temperament was one which, while sufficiently comprehensible to the nineteenth century, was absolutely unintelligible to the sixteenth. The chiefs of the Reformation, as well as the Catholic doctors of the Sorbonne, alike regarded him as a deadly enemy. Neither party could understand a man who refused to take sides, who, while merciless to the abuses and weak points of Romanist theory and practice, was equally unsparing to the party of Geneva. Both, in their fierce resentment and despair of making the man out, took refuge in what seemed to them the only remaining hypothesis, viz. that he was an atheist and an enemy of all religion.

No conclusion could be more absurd. It would be difficult to point to any works of our own time in the department of imaginative literature so saturated as are those of Rabelais with religious principle, so definitely recognising the presence of the living God in human affairs. In Books 1 and 2 there is manifestly a strong bias towards Protestantism. Gargantua, when being educated as a youth under the old Sorbonne masters, who are described as ridiculous old addlepates, gets nothing in the way of religious teaching except endless masses and paternosters.

When, however, he comes under the tutorship of the wise Ponocrates, he has the Bible in Hebrew and Greek daily read and expounded to him. Here was a double heresy in the view of Catholics. Ponocrates is a layman, and he brings his pupil directly, without any priestly mediation, into contact with the Scriptures! In the philippic against the monks in chapter 40 of Gargantua we find, as an illustration of their uselessness, that "they do not teach or indoctrinate the world as does a good evangelical doctor and teacher." Quotations, in fact, of this kind might be multiplied to any extent. In the fourth and fifth Books he wages open war against the papal pretensions. The description of the Isle of Papemannies, whose people believe the Pope to be God upon earth, and whose fanatical bishop, Homenaz, would "deliver to fire and sword all kings, emperors, dukes, princes, and damn their souls to the hottest cauldron in hell, if they should transgress one iota of his commands," and who goes



into rhapsodies over the virtues of the false Decretals, is throughout a withering satire on Ultramontaniam. And if the Papacy itself receives these hard blows, its great supports, the monkish orders, fare no better. Not Luther, nor Erasmus, nor Ulrich von Hutten was more merciless. Throughout the whole of his works they are the butt of his raillery. Sick people he recommends to become monks for three months. If they do not then become fat as dormice, nothing will help them. In the celebrated fortieth chapter of Book I, he smites them with sledgehammer blows. "They neither plough, these monks, like the peasant, nor guard the country, like the warrior, nor tend the sick, like the doctor. They repeat a tremendous number of paternosters and Ave Marias, without any idea of understanding them. And this I call mocking God, not prayer."

To abuse the Pope, to trounce the monks, to pour ridicule on the Sorbonne and all its works, while at the same time testifying everywhere, as he does, to a hearty belief in God, to a reverence for Scripture and especially for the New Testament and the writings of St. Paul, all this one would think would be enough to stamp him as a good Protestant. And yet he was no Protestant. Between him and the Reformation leaders was a great gulf fixed. Calvin and he were at open war. In his fourth Book he denounces the "demoniacal Calvin" "the impostor of Geneva;" while, on his side, the Reformer expressed himself with equal bitterness.

It was impossible for two men so profoundly different in temper to appreciate or even understand each other. Calvin was a man who knew nothing of compromises, who believed that truth, purity, salvation, were on the side he fought for, and that on the other were only superstition, errors, and corruption.

It is the heroic temper which makes history; but the equilibrium of things seems to demand also spirits of a different mould. Rabelais had in him nothing of the partisan. He was gifted with the embarrassing faculty of seeing two sides of a question. For one thing, the austerity of Geneva revolted his joyous temper; and for another, he had no desire to share the fate of his friend Etienne Dolet and get burned as a heretic. But that is not all. When we talk of the Reformation we must never forget the great Reform movement which took place in Catholicism itself in the sixteenth century.

In fact from the beginning of the Renaissance, up to and beyond Luther's time, the abuses of Rome had been as fiercely

attacked by Catholics who lived and died within her pale as by the leaders of Protestantism. That party of Reform had Dante as its poet, Erasmus for its scholar, Gerson for its theologian and mystic, Michel Angelo for its artist, and Catherine of Sienna for its saint. The Cardinals who surrounded Paul III., such as Contarini and Caraffa, had elaborated a doctrine of justification by faith which it is difficult to distinguish from that of Luther, and which was preached with passionate fervour throughout the length and breadth of Italy. Rabelais defies classification; but, if he is to be put anywhere in the matter of ecclesiastical relations, it is by the side of this party. His contention, so far as he entered into controversy, was not so much against the Catholic Church as against Ultramontanism. He was in this respect an ancestor of Bossuet and one of the founders of Gallicanism.

But we should not understand Rabelais or his influence if we discussed him simply in relation to controversies of this kind. It is as a great humanist, with an outlook and a philosophy of life all his own, that he counts as so unique a force in literature and in the evolution of modern life. No man, at least no modern man, has been so startlingly frank. He has no concealments, no reserves. He has no closet in which to lock up his skeletons. He lets all his nature speak. There are aspects and functions of life on its animal side which cultivated men regard as inferior, requiring a veil and silence. In Rabelais they find a voice which never stammers or drops a word, a voice as clear and ringing as that in which he discusses the loftiest themes. Herbert Spencer tells us that a primary condition of success in life is to be a good animal. This condition Rabelais possessed in an unusual degree. The animal in him was strong and masterful. All through his pages rings the note of a rude physical force which has no notion of being repressed or put down. His characteristic may in fact be said to be an enormous appetite in all directions. His intellect was voracious and so was his stomach. To feed his mind the whole world of knowledge was not too much. But he wanted a larder and a wine-cellar on the same scale as the library. To the ascetic doctrine he replied by a "no" so mighty that its echoes have been ringing through literature ever since.

His ultimate views of life may perhaps be described as a fusion of the Greek idea with Christianity. To understand him we need certainly to take note of the pagan side of the Re-

naissance. In Italy especially, with which Rabelais was so well acquainted, it had produced as its first effect a profound scepticism and an utter license of manners. Not only had Scholasticism been cast aside, but practically Christianity also. Aristophanes and Anacreon, rather than Paul and the Fathers, supplied the Italy of the latter half of the fifteenth century with its views of life. It was beyond the Alps, with Reuchlin, Melancthon and Luther, that the revival of letters resulted in a purified Christianity.

The peculiarity of Rabelais' position is that he drank deeply of the two streams and that his temperament tended to assimilate them both. His was a nature gifted with a "rire enorme," to use Victor Hugo's phrase, and his whole conception of the universe had to fit in to that. He could not understand Christianity as the Reformers understood it, simply because he had no capacity for the serious or the awful. That side of religion which appealed to his sense of justice, to his sympathy, to his generosity, he freely accepted. The rest passed over him. God was to him a benevolent and gracious Providence, to whom he owed the blessings he enjoyed. He bowed reverently before Christ as the expression of suffering and self-sacrificing love.

But he must have room for his laugh. What could Geneva do with a man who treated hell, in the manner of Lucian, as a place where the actors play parts as ridiculous as those of a Christmas pantomime?

His summing up of life is that all is vanity, but that the mistake is to groan about it. Life is a burlesque. We are all fools and the solemn fool is the biggest of all. Pantagruelism is a "certaine gayeté d'esprit conficte en mepris des choses fortuites." The sentence he puts into the mouth of his ideal character Pantagruel expresses perhaps better than any other his habitual attitude of mind: "For all the goods which the sky covers and that earth contains. . . are not worthy to move our affections or to trouble our mind and spirit."

This bold eclecticism of culture, this easy mixture of inspiration from Palestine and from Greece is the special note of Rabelais, and it is the note of the modern world.

F. BRIERLEY.

## Jools on London.\*

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JOOLS has been amongst us once more, and once more he has torn the mask from the face of perfidious Albion. Too long have a generous but misguided public in France been deceived by the imaginative pictures of a Taine, the amiable criticisms of a not wholly disinterested O'Rell. So Jools has determined to cross the Channel, and, sacred name of a penny-a-liner, "Delenda est Carthago!" It is not in this case our former guest and acquaintance, Monsieur Jools de Chacabac, whose experiences and opinions were so graphically recorded by Mr. Jeames Plush; but one Jules Degrégný, a writer whose opportunities of judgment would seem to have been as exceptional, whose observation is as accurate, and whose freedom from prejudice is no less striking than that of his more famous compatriot.

The book is apparently serious, and not, as after a perusal of the first few pages we might be inclined to think, an elaborate joke. For, besides many other internal evidences, who with any sense of humour would, in these much travelled days, devote half-a-dozen pages at the outset to a grave consideration of the precautions to be taken to secure the necessary comforts on a Channel packet, and to combating the terrors of sea-sickness? Moreover, there is a self-complacency about Jools which runs through the whole volume, and reveals him in the character of a patriot who has undertaken an arduous and responsible duty; and it is not without a quiet vain-gloriousness that in his concluding pages he sums up the chimæras he has slain. Chauvinism, he admits in his preface, he esteems a noble passion; 'tis a *frank* admission, which his subsequent observations most amply corroborate. He crossed the Channel, he states in the same place, with his head full of the charming things his fellow-

\* Londres, Croquis Réalistes, par Jules Degrégný. Paris: Librairie Moderne.

countrymen had written about England: far otherwise was his own experience. There are English, he says—and it is one of his few concessions—English one is bound to like; Englishmen of broad minds and loyal hearts, Englishmen who have done service to France—these will not resent his criticism.

The first page of the text well illustrates the spirit in which this remarkable volume is written. We French, he says, do not care to leave our own country. "France is of all lands the most highly favoured. Say what they may at Berlin, our country shelters the most amiable, the most courteous, the most highly civilized of peoples. Our very peasants are more agreeable company than many who are personages in great foreign cities. Why then should we leave our country, though it be but for a week or two?" Why, indeed! Hard to bear are the trials of the French patriot who is forced to travel now-a-days; he must be for ever stopping his ears (should he happen to understand any language but his own), in order not to hear the everlasting voice of envy—gnashing the teeth in hopeless jealousy of his great country!

Poor Jools' sufferings were unusually severe in his arduous and adventurous journey; his constitution, we are led to infer, was far from robust, for the speed of our trains exhausted a delicate frame, which, as he admits elsewhere, he could never trust to a boat upon the Thames without the certainty of fever, and the short distance traversed between Dover and London proved more tiring than a journey of four hours' duration would have been on his own country's railways.

But the fatal step is taken; he has left "this Paris, so loyal, so generous, so hospitable, which welcomes all foreign talent with so much enthusiasm," to arrive in the city of hypocrisy and vanity, where the loathing of the French genius and tongue has penetrated into the very bowels of the libraries, and classified Gil Blas among "*Spanish Authores*." Do not hurry on your journey, is his advice, you will get there soon enough. A halt may be made at Amiens, or again at Calais, where, with the dread of impending doom upon you, you may cast a last lingering look upon the two railway stations, in order to retain a lasting impression of the superiority of these things in France over what awaits you on the other side of the Channel. In any case be sure to arrive at Calais well before the last train, that you may be able to secure a seat on board without having to *boxer* for it with the unmannerly islanders. Then on with the

*cadre-nes*, and don't take cold ; breathe rapidly to promote circulation, and look to your half-bottle of champagne and flask of brandy, taking care not to use them up too rashly before the worst spasm of the terrible hour be upon you. Jools does not suffer much from sea-sickness himself, he says, but he has evidently studied the question. At Dover he recommends a day or two's halt, that the traveller may learn to harden himself to the difficulties of English life. We will pass over his melancholy experiences at Dover—the dirty linen, and the absence of napkins in the humble hostel he selected, for his limited purse was scared from the imposing portals of the “Lord Warden.”

A digression upon our army, suggested by a visit to Dover Castle, over which, strange to say, he was allowed to stroll unmolested, is not unamusing. In the course of it we learn that the Tower of London is still considered, though erroneously, to be the supreme defence of London and the Thames. Jools has assisted at parades and drills with the intelligent interest natural to the scion of a great military nation, and has never failed to observe the men in the ranks breaking into explosions of laughter at the word of command, and winking grimaces at the crowd ; neither sergeant nor officers protest, but what would you have, seeing that the troops are purchased by the Government for one livre sterling down, and ten sous a day pocket-money ? The officers, he goes on to relate, though they no longer purchase their rank ostensibly, receive it by favour ; a favour which has its reciprocal money equivalent, artfully concealed though it be under the cloak of an examination. His observations in this strain on matters military we warmly recommend to the attention of the War Office, seeing that they come from so competent a critic, for doubtless “Jools was a grannydear in his company of the Nashnal Gard, and as brayve as a lion.”

The speed of the trains, as we have before mentioned, was a source of great terror and fatigue to Jools, who enlarges upon the number of accidents resulting therefrom, accidents so common that the daily papers have ceased to describe them, and confine themselves to a bald statement of the fact. The view from the carriage windows depressed him ; he could not see here the happy peasant life, the bright villages of the pleasant land of France. From Dover to London all was parcelled out into great frowning feudal estates ; it was a land



where one felt instinctively that men were no freer and no happier than the brutes. Of course he had heard of a London fog, and of course his worst anticipations were realized ; already at Rochester the air began to thicken, and as he approached the suburbs his lungs hesitated to absorb the air at all, so foul it grew ; indeed, for many a day after his arrival in London, his breath caught in his throat, his nose and chest were choked by the acrid and stinking atmosphere. His first recorded impression of London shows Jools to be an observant traveller. "How bad," he says, "must the teeth of this nation be, for what strikes one in every chemist's window are the number of preparations for relieving toothache, and in Leicester Square I noticed with profound astonishment, a vast edifice bearing the remarkable superscription, 'Dental Hospital' !"

The delightful thing about this book is the naïve manner in which Jools meets his inevitable doom ; all is so appropriate, so right, so much better than one even dares to anticipate. It will be remembered that the well-known Mr. Jeames Plush has placed on record that "Munseer Jules, of course, went and lodged in Lester Square, . . . which, as he was informed in the printed suckular presented to him by a very greasy but polite comishner at the Custumus Stares, was in the scenter of the town. . . . So he took a three-pair back in a French hotel, the Hotel de l'Ail, kep by M. Gigotot, Cranbourne Street, Lester Squarr, London." Of course then we learn from Jools II. that the real central point of London is Leicester Square, called by the English the French quarter, probably because it is a little less repellent than the rest of the City, and agreeably to anticipation he recommends the traveller to select an hotel in this desirable neighbourhood ; but do not go in search of an hotel in a cab, or the astute driver will soon run you up an account of 5 or 6 "schellings." Under these circumstances we are at once able to credit his statement that even in pretentious hotels you must look well to your sheets, the lower one you will generally find to have been used before ; the proprietor, when you send for him, will protest that it is a mistake, and that he will have it remedied, but all he will do is to have another dirty sheet ironed, and slip it into the bed. There are, he graciously concedes, hotels in London where one may be well lodged and fed, such as those in Northumberland Avenue, whose gloom he elsewhere bewails ; but then you must be prepared to pay 60 francs a day. So the hotels of the French quarter have it on the whole,

—those or the "*family-house*," if you have a stoical stomach that can resist the ravages of the English cuisine.

The first fraud exposed is the world-famed English bath. Poor Jools had to traverse vast distances in cabs before he could find means of plunging in water, for the houses are all deficient in bath-rooms, and even the "*family-houses*" are so badly off for *tubs*, that this word would seem to be English only in name. Dirt, is in fact, we had almost said the national vice, to follow Jools more closely we should say one of the national vices; neither in hotels nor in the "*family-house*" must you be too squeamish on that point. The condition of the servant class is one of the principal causes, for these are so idle and spoilt, that after 5 o'clock, when they have their tea, not one of them would think of getting up to answer the bell. This deplorable state of things is almost beyond remedy, for they have quite the whip-hand of their employers, being generally the accomplices of their masters' or mistresses' amours, in a country so morally degraded that people are not shocked or surprised to see a young "*miss*" at the theatre sending notes to individuals she does not know, and offering rendezvous to those who have never solicited them.

After certain strictures, perhaps not wholly undeserved, upon the unæsthetic appearance of our provision shops, and notably on the dirty state of our butchers' establishments, there follows this curious sentence: "It is true that in the other shops one is waited on by assistants in chimney-pot hats. This remarkable habit may perhaps flatter the eyes of their clients, but it affords the tourist a precious source of inextinguishable mirth." The universal dirt was apparently prevalent in the society with which Jools habitually mixed, the world, we presume, of the "*family-house*;" for the "*jeune miss*," he tells us, always comes to table in fresh muslin gowns; but, should she chance to cross her legs in the drawing-room afterwards, the observant eye detects a dirty petticoat below. The men are also whited sepulchres. Their collars and cuffs are beyond reproach, their clothes still show the tailor's fold, they wear a flower in their button-hole and rich rings on their fingers,—but their nails are very black, and if their necktie should slip from its place it reveals a shirt that should long have been with the washerwoman. The great nation, he would have us know, are less particular about externals, but they more often renew the garments which come into contact with the skin.

The London policeman is another fraud which Jools feels it his duty to expose. He is decorative, and that is all. He will insist on accompanying the stranger who enquires his way for any distance to secure the *pourboire* ; but, should there be a row in the street, he is careful to look the other way. True it is, that in the city of pick-pockets Jools was never robbed himself, even though one day, bracing his courage up, he walked alone from one end to the other of Wardour Street, that well-known haunt of desperadoes. He is inclined to attribute his immunity from the treatment to which an Englishman resents that a foreigner should not be subjected, partially to the fact that his clothes had not just come from the tailor, and that he wore neither watch-chain, rings nor scarf-pin. If, he adds, I owe my security to my modest toilette, I recommend my fellow-countrymen to adopt a similar one.

How much there is to unlearn ! The Roast beef of old England is a fraud, a hopeless greasy fraud ; one tries to fall back upon the mutton, but that is no less repugnant to the palate accustomed to the dainties of the Palais Royal ; the fish is neither fresh nor abundant, except the salmon, and that, though preferable to the meat, Jools found both tasteless and indigestible. And then the prices of Nicholl and Monico ! But that he forgave them, because the linen was clean. In the restaurants of the Strand there are no napkins, and the phlegmatic islanders suck their fingers instead ; in the restaurants of the Haymarket (!) the napkin offered to the guest has been used at least once before ; further a-field than this, hunger does not appear to have driven him from the sheltering arms of Leicester Square.

Above all, he says, avoid the daily papers ! Although the prejudice of Englishmen, and the war that is waged against French enlightenment, preclude the taking in of any French papers in hotels and restaurants, he advises no one to plunge into the ponderous sheets of the *Times*, the *Daily News* and their contemporaries. Systemless and not up to date, they can only interest those who are curious to study how "puritanical Jesuitism" can disguise, under the simple appearance of a statement of fact, perfidious criticism of French diplomacy. The bulk of the contents is paid for by those who insert them, which accounts for the cheapness of the paper. Often only the telegrams are genuine matter, the articles being merely artfully concealed advertisements of Madame Tussaud's or the Crystal

Palace. The illustrated papers are vastly inferior to the French ones. The comic papers are what the Englishman dearly loves; 'le Punch' is the least English and provincial, and is consequently less appreciated; the real quintessence of insular humour will be found in 'le Scraps,' 'le Scloper's Half Holiday,' and 'le Ching Ching's Own.'

The currency was a great puzzle to Jools, and he makes it a real grievance that French money is not accepted, the Government having even interfered with the substitution of French *sous* for English pence. The pretended difference of value is a mere pretext for this arbitrary measure, the real reason being the desire of the English aristocracy, which has absolute control of the Government, to diminish all points of contact with the Continent and discourage any relations with the freer nations of Europe. The same spirit which has thwarted the accomplishment of the Channel Tunnel, has prevented the introduction of foreign money. But to return to the English currency. The impossibility even for natives to appreciate the difference between the piece of "two schellings" and the piece of "2 schellings 6 pences" leads to perpetual altercations; and as you cannot reckon money on the decimal system, it becomes indeed a labour to verify your bill at the restaurant. The great nation count by "sous," the English by "pences;" a Frenchman must therefore always double the price to get an idea of the value: so inconsiderate of mannerless Albion.

But we cannot follow Jools through all his cruel experiences; suffice it to quote a few of his most remarkable conclusions and observations. His remarks upon the hypocrisy of our national modesty, that modesty compels us to pass over; nor is there anything particularly new in his exposure of the hollowness of English Puritanism. More original are his views upon the language, the difficulty and fatigue of pronouncing which he is inclined to consider the real cause of English taciturnity. What are you to do, he says, for instance, with a word like *Marble Arch*, which according to all we ever learned at school should of course be pronounced *merbl' ertch*, but which a close attention to the cry of the 'bus-conductor has convinced him can only be represented in letters by *m'rbl' 'rch*. And, while speaking of 'bus-conductors, it is pleasant to take small consolation in the fact that he has a good word for at least one London institution—the 'bus—and he has admired the agility with which ladies ascend to the knife-board without betraying

"*la moindre partie de leur chaste personne.*" It is perhaps, he holds, this constant climbing up and down the narrow 'bus-stairs which brought in the fashion of tight and clinging skirts, which Frenchwomen have also ended by adopting.

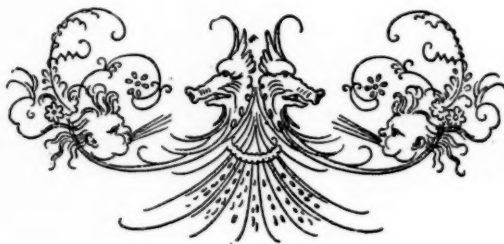
Space would fail to enumerate his criticisms of our public buildings, their poverty, meanness or vulgarity, their absolute lack of interest, ancient or modern. He finds a want of movement and traffic in the streets, and opines that in all parts of the City, save the docks and those abandoned to the thieves, you may walk abroad far more at your ease than in Paris. He takes us round the parks, the churches, and the Houses of Parliament, to compare them, one after another, to their eminent disadvantage with similar institutions in his own country. Alas for the sums that we have squandered on Art! our National Gallery Jools considers "*d'une pauvreté navrante.*" The arrangement which was our especial pride, the hanging of all the pictures in the more important rooms on the line, that all may be equally well seen, shows that we do not even care to dissemble our poverty. You would think, he concludes, you were in a shop, and not in a gallery, for all the pictures of one hand are placed side by side like onions. The British Museum contains nothing of artistic interest except the Elgin marbles. Its arrangement, including ethnographical collections and stuffed animals, Jools considers excellent for the English, who only visit their museums to obtain warmth and shelter. Specializing museums are all very well in France, where they are used for study, but they would be quite out of place here.

All trials, however, have their term. The pleasant part of a journey to London is the return home. Arrived at Calais, Jools felt as if he had escaped from prison. He breathed the air of France. He tasted the joy of existence. The first douanier, he says, that you meet upon the quay at Calais seems to you like a guardian angel pointing to the gate of the Promised Land. Turning once more to the distant cliffs of Dover, he was tempted to exclaim, "*Que diable suis-je allé faire dans cette galère?*" *Que diable?* indeed! Well, the secret, concealed from us in the preface, where he said he went across the Channel prepared to find all *couleur de rose*, leaks out in the final pages. Here it is.

"It is enough for us to wish it, for us to be first in the world's market; we have only to cease from allowing our action to be paralysed by idle legends. I do not know whether I have

succeeded in destroying some of these legends ; but I have done my best to." That he admits was his principal object, and he then proceeds to enumerate the ghosts he has laid.

"I have often," says Mr. Plush, "listened to Jools and his friends inwaying against Hingland and boasting of their own immortal country . . . how they used to prove that France was the Light and the Scenter-pint, the Igsample and the Hadmiration of the whole world! . . . And they talked about the grandjer of France and the perfidyusness of England!"





## Falsely True.



"Oh, well for him whose will is strong."

### I.

"HAVEN'T you had enough of pictures now, Kemp?" asked the younger of two men who were wandering about the Academy one warm afternoon in June.

"Wait a moment," replied his companion, a broad-shouldered, brown-faced man of five-and-thirty. "I was told to look specially at one of Floyd's in this room—'Moonlight' I think it was called. Yes, here it is. Have you seen it?"

"Yes, I've seen it," said Hugh Julian, rather shortly. "It was a good deal talked about at the beginning of the season."

The elder man retired a few steps to get a better view of the picture, and then stood still, studying it.

The painter had not chosen to represent the most vivid effects of moonlight—dense shadow against brilliant relief: on the contrary, only the faintest gleam of silver had touched the veil of blue-grey twilight, the first suggestion of moonlight at the close of a long autumn afternoon. A girl in a neutral-tinted dress was sitting in the foreground upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and the strongest light in the picture lay across her face and hair. It was a pale, wistful, little face, not in any way remarkable for beauty, and the abundant fair hair was so faint in colour, that at a first glance the moonlight alone seemed to make the silken halo round the girl's head. Her eyes were of a pale, misty blue, and to the big, warm-hearted man now gazing up at them they seemed to look back, and to plead piteously, as a spirit from another world, with another language than that of earth, might have looked and pleaded. The expression fascinated his attention. There was reproach in it as well as

entreaty, and something too of despair, as though the pale girl sitting there knew all the while that the appeal was being made in vain.

"I suppose every one feels the same," he thought, "but somehow it seems to me as if she were asking something of me personally, and that I, not understanding, were withholding it from her."

A loud cheerful voice, addressing him, suddenly startled him from his meditations. "I can't be mistaken!" the voice said. "It *is* my old friend Mr. Kemp, is it not?"

He looked round hastily. A very fashionably-dressed, middle-aged lady, to whom one felt instinctively inclined to apply the term "iron-grey," was holding out a hard-looking, well-gloved hand for him to shake, and was making laudable attempts to force her hard features into a benignant smile. Kemp recognized her in a moment, and the recollection of some very unequivocal snubs administered by this same Lady Fielding in the days before he went to India, and was still a nobody, rushed into his mind. Forgetting that since then he had attained the reputation, if not the actual felicity, of being a millionaire, he allowed an unfeigned surprise to show itself in his face as he replied: "Oh, how do you do, Lady Fielding? How good of you to remember me!"

"Oh no, not at all!" said Lady Fielding, with flattering condescension. "I had heard of your return, and was meaning to send you a line. Let me introduce you to my youngest daughter. She was in the nursery when you went away, I suppose. Daisy, you have often heard me speak of my old friend Mr. Kemp?"

The young girl, who had been standing silent by her mother's side, passively acquiesced in this enormous mis-statement by a dutiful smile, as she came forward and held out her hand.

If Lady Fielding's original intention had been to make the rich coffee-planter take special notice of her daughter, she must have felt her heart thrill with triumph at the extraordinary good luck which had brought about a meeting under these particular circumstances and in this particular place. For, to Kemp's unmitigated amazement, Miss Fielding raised as she smiled the very face with its wistful eyes and masses of fair hair that he had been gazing at a moment ago on the wall in front of him!

"Do you think it a good portrait?" said the mother, smiling blandly.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Kemp. "I never saw anything

so like in my life !” Then, as Miss Fielding’s pale face began to colour with confusion under his stare, he added hastily, “I—I fancied it was quite an imaginary figure, you know—” and was relieved to see that his friend was approaching.

He was just going to introduce him, when Hugh raised his hat and addressed the ladies of his own accord, in his own imperturbable fashion. Kemp glanced at him rather sharply, wondering why he had not mentioned before that he knew the original of the picture which he professed only to have heard about. He was a very well-made young man, rather short than tall, and rather fair than dark, with unnoticeably irregular features, and ordinary grey eyes. “I can’t help looking at him, because he is startlingly like any one else !” a lady once remarked, without realizing that the peculiarity lay not so much in the likeness itself as in the fact that she found it startling. He did not talk much, was always exquisitely dressed, and never by chance looked ill at ease or discomposed ; yet, in spite of these negative qualities, the person who addressed him under the impression that the young man might as well be any other young man, soon felt uncomfortably conscious that he was making a mistake.

“Oh, it’s Mr. Julian !” said Lady Fielding, with a quick change of voice as she recognized the addition to their party—to her, Hugh was merely “somebody’s secretary,” and a person to be snubbed—“a friend of yours, Mr. Kemp? Really? I didn’t know—However, when are you coming to see us? Are you engaged this evening, or will you come to dinner?”

“I’m engaged to Mr. Julian,” said Kemp, rather awkwardly. “We’re going to dine somewhere and then go on to the theatre.”

“Oh, no, no ; you really can’t let an informal arrangement like that stand in the way of an invitation from an old friend !” replied her ladyship, resuming her grim playfulness. “We shall expect you, then ; we dine at half-past seven. I dare say Mr. Julian will join us too.” This last remark was added, after a slight pause, with such calm impertinence of tone, that Kemp wondered his friend did not instantly and resentfully decline.

But, whatever Mr. Julian’s private feelings may have been, he answered with exquisite politeness, “Thank you very much, I shall be delighted,” without the slightest change of countenance.

“At half-past seven, then,” repeated Lady Fielding, as she shook out her silk skirts and made a motion to her daughter.

"We must hurry away now. You remember the house, Mr. Kemp? Come, Daisy!"

Miss Fielding, who had been looking down at the floor and playing with her parasol, started slightly, bowed to the two men, and turned away obediently. She had not opened her lips during the interview, and there was a sort of weary resignation in her whole bearing which filled Kemp's soft heart with a feeling of swift compassion.

"I wouldn't be that old woman's daughter for something!" he said to his friend when they were out of hearing.

"It can't be very pleasant," admitted Hugh. "But I suppose Miss Fielding is used to it."

"Do you know them well?" demanded Kemp rather abruptly. "Why didn't you tell me just now that Miss Fielding sat for the girl in 'Moonlight'?"

"I really didn't remember that you knew them, or think that the fact would interest you," said Hugh. "Do you consider it a good likeness of her?"

"Strikingly good. Don't you?"

"Fair. The features are like enough." For the first time since they had entered the room he turned to the picture, and looked hard at it, half closing his eyes. But, though some secret impulse made Kemp study his face the while, it betrayed no shadow of expression, except that of cool scrutiny. After a moment the younger man turned round and remarked, "I wonder whether you will mind bearing my humblest apologies to Lady Fielding this evening? I really have a tremendous lot to do at present, and want some time to myself to get through it all."

"Oh, but she expects you," said Kemp, rather awkwardly. "And I shall feel such a brute to have spoilt your evening, because I've thrown over my engagement to you."

"We can carry out that plan to-morrow," replied Julian easily. "Tell Lady Fielding that I was absolutely desolated, but that a business telegram compelled me to rush off to the other end of London. I'll send her a note in the morning to apologize for not turning up."

"I suppose you don't care to go, after that off-hand invitation?" said Kemp.

"I'm not keen about it," admitted Hugh briefly.

"I don't know that I myself particularly want to go," returned his friend. "The old woman's a tremendous bore. But doesn't

Miss Fielding do anything to make the house more attractive? or don't you care about going, even to see her?"

"I'm not keen about it," repeated Hugh.

## II.

Neither Lady Fielding nor her daughter looked surprised when Kemp delivered Hugh's polite message and apologies. The former, indeed, appeared to be decidedly relieved, and it was easy to see that Miss Daisy seldom permitted herself any freedom of expression or utterance which she was not certain would receive parental sanction. She was more than ever like the picture, now that her hat was removed; though her strangely fair hair was arranged with more regard for the prevailing fashion than it had been when she sat for her portrait. She was very silent, and Kemp thought the dinner the slowest and longest he had ever tried to sit through. There was another man present, with his wife; but they had evidently only been asked for the look of the thing, and seemed too much in awe of their hostess to talk.

However, after dinner Lady Fielding called her daughter to her side, and bade her "take Mr. Kemp round the conservatory"; and, though Kemp felt that the girl would rather not, he still hailed the suggestion as a relief.

"Can't we sit down and stay here a little while?" he ventured to ask, when they came suddenly upon two inviting-looking arm-chairs at the end of the little hot-house. He really saw no reason why he should not avail himself of a few of the good things in the net spread so plainly in his sight.

"Oh yes, if you like," said Daisy, colouring painfully, but seating herself on the nearest chair.

"You gave me quite a shock to-day," he began. "I had been looking at your face on the wall, and then turned round suddenly and saw it at my side!"

"Yes, you must have been surprised," she answered. Her voice was low and gentle, and, like her eyes, had a touch of wistfulness in it; but her manner, in spite of an evident effort, was tinged with indifference.

"How do you like being hung up there and gazed at all day long?" he asked. He had somehow conceived a deep pity and interest for this little pale, shrinking girl.

"I don't mind," said Daisy in the same tone. "I dare say a

good many people don't see the likeness, and most of them don't know me ; so it doesn't matter."

"Who first thought of the idea?" Kemp asked.

"Mr. Floyd himself. We met him somewhere, and he asked mamma whether he might paint me. She said yes, and so he did."

"Didn't you have anything to say in the matter?" said Kemp, smiling a little.

Daisy gave him a quick glance. "No," she said, "I didn't care."

"I'm afraid you're ungrateful!" said Kemp. "Most ladies would be flattered to be the centre of so much admiration."

"I didn't mean to be ungrateful!" replied the girl rather eagerly. "I mean,—I thought it very kind of him ; but I don't think I care very much about that sort of thing."

"What do you care about?" Kemp couldn't help asking, rather boldly.

But Daisy hardly seemed to notice the boldness. It struck him that she regarded him as a comparatively old man in whom it would be quite safe to confide. She turned to him with a sudden movement of childish abandonment.

"*I don't know!*" she said impulsively ; "I don't believe I care for anything."

A woman might have felt impatient at such a confession, and would very likely have expressed her opinion in terse emphatic language to the effect that Miss Fielding wanted "a good shaking," or "something to cry for." A man of the world would have concluded instantly that the child imagined that she cared for nothing, because she really cared very much for something which she could not get. But Kemp was not a woman, and had had very little experience of women, and the childish plaint found its way straight to his heart.

"But that's a very wrong state of things!" he said kindly. "What is the matter? What makes you so indifferent? You are too young to say that, you know ; and much too young to feel it."

"But I *do* feel it," said the girl, turning away her head and speaking less distinctly.

He was silent for a moment, hardly liking to take advantage of her confidence to ask further questions. He could well imagine that Lady Fielding's daughter might not have a particularly happy life ; but he could not expect her to admit the fact in so many words.



"I used to have fancies of that sort," he said at last.

"Did you?" said Daisy quickly, looking at him with a more personal interest than she had yet displayed. "And did you lose them? Did they pass?"

"Of course they did!" cried Kemp, deeply touched at her pathetic eagerness. "You didn't fancy that you would be unhappy all your life because you feel miserable at—at eighteen; did you?"

She was silent; her sensitive little mouth quivered slightly.

"Did you?" he repeated as gently as possible.

"Sometimes," she answered at last, sadly enough.

"Indeed you won't," he assured her earnestly. "It will all pass, and you will wonder that you ever cared at all. Things *do* come right, even in real life."

It seemed to him that she started slightly at his words, and the look which she wore as their eyes met was so exactly that of the picture, that he almost fancied she would put her appeal into words and ask something of him. Instead, however, she said after a little pause, "Was Mr. Julian really obliged to go to the other end of London this evening?"

Kemp felt so confused and surprised at the sudden question that he stammered hopelessly over his answer; but Miss Fielding, though she could no longer doubt that the excuse was made up, did not make any further remark on it. She played with the feathers of her fan for a moment in a hesitating sort of manner, and then got up and said that they must go back to the drawing-room.

"I haven't said anything that you mind, have I?" he could not help asking as they walked back.

"Oh *no*!" she cried eagerly. "You've been very kind. I don't know how to thank you."

"You needn't thank me," said Kemp. "If you think me 'kind,' that's all I want."

### III.

"Tell me how much you know about the Fieldings," he said to Hugh next evening as soon as he decently could. "I feel rather interested in them somehow. Miss Fielding, for instance; have you ever had much conversation with her?"

"I've hardly ever spoken to her since she came out," said Hugh. "I met them in the country last autumn, and saw something of them because we were staying in the same house.

But Miss Fielding seemed a mere child then, and seldom opened her lips."

"Still if you were staying in the same house," said Kemp, rather irritated at this bald statement, "you must occasionally have had opportunities of judging what she was like. Had you never the curiosity to address a word to her?"

"Oh yes, of course I have spoken to her. I only meant to say that our acquaintance with one another is very slight. She always seemed very much in awe of her mother and her governess; but of course it was not supposed to be the thing for her to speak much to young men while she was in that transition period."

"Did you think her interesting?" asked Kemp.

"I don't know that I thought so," replied his friend with a considering air; "but she may be, all the same."

"Did you like her?" persisted the other rather sharply; for it had occasionally struck him that the young man wore his imperturbability as a kind of useful mask to conceal all emotions.

Hugh looked up in some surprise. "Yes, I liked her very much," he said; and Kemp felt just as wise as he had been before. "I liked her," he remarked after a pause, "better than any girl I have met since I came back to England. And I can't help pitying her for being tied to that awful old mother of hers. I am sure she is made miserable from morning to night—in fact she almost admitted as much to me; though of course she could not tell me that that was the reason."

"She never looks particularly cheerful," admitted Hugh. He became silent for some minutes after this remark, and Kemp thought that the matter had passed out of his head; but presently he looked up and said meditatively, "If you feel attracted, Kemp, it would be an act of Christian charity to go in and rescue her from that brute, Lord George Felton. Every one knows that Lady Fielding has been doing all she can to bring on the match, and they say that he shows no objection."

"And the girl herself?" asked Kemp.

Hugh was silent for a moment; then said, in the hesitating tone of a man who always speaks courteously of ladies, "I don't know much about Miss Fielding, but wouldn't you imagine that she would do what she was told to do?"

"Then what's the use of my taking any step in the matter?" said Kemp, a little nettled.

"You might tell her to marry you," said Hugh. "If you are

emphatic enough, I dare say, since she must yield to some one, that she will yield to you."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Kemp, "considering how little you know of her, you seem very confident about predicting what she will do under given circumstances."

"Not confident," replied his friend. "I did not mean to make any impertinent suggestions. Very likely she would refuse."

In spite of some inward irritation at this way of stating the case, the idea of rescuing the poor child from an unhappy marriage was not displeasing to Kemp. When he thought it over it seemed natural enough that the dread of such an event should make Miss Fielding pale and timid. And somehow he fancied that if he could remove her into an atmosphere of tenderness and indulgence it would not be so very difficult to win her love. But about this last point he had some doubts as time passed on. It was very difficult to tell from Daisy's manner what she really felt. There were times when he was convinced that she did not regard him merely as one of the "catches" of the season for whom her mother spread so many nets; but there were other times when he was not so sure of this fact. For instance, when she saw him enter a crowded drawing-room in which they were both guests, she would look up with a slight start, and a strangely expectant expression in her eyes—sometimes with a swift blush. But by the time he reached her side she often seemed paler and more pre-occupied than ever; and though these, in turn, were not signs which absolutely forbade a flattering interpretation, he was completely nonplussed by the passive acquiescence, almost indifference, with which she received any but the most platonic attentions. In her mother's presence she treated him exactly as she treated Lord George Felton—with forced smiles and studied politeness; but when they were alone she was friendly, confidential—and no more.

What surprised him more than anything else was the surprise that she sometimes displayed when he tried to put himself upon a more intimate footing with her. It was as though she had said, "This from *you*! I didn't think *you* would have said or done such a thing!" And, as he could form no sort of conjecture why she should have such a feeling, he had to give up the puzzle in despair, and trust to a happy combination of circumstances to make matters clear between them.

One hot day in July found a large party of fashionably dressed people trying to make believe that they were enjoying one of

Lady Fielding's annual water-parties, and amongst them were Kemp and his friend. The former was thoroughly out of temper for once; for Lady Fielding, perhaps distrustful of his extreme willingness to walk into all her traps, saw fit to encourage Lord George Felton exclusively on this particular day, and snubbed his rival unmercifully by way of a change. Daisy herself was looking flushed and excited, and her usual passive gentleness had given place to a sort of nervous restlessness.

"I declare I don't know what to make of her!" cried Kemp in despair to his friend.

Hugh, who had just been listening silently to a long string of complaints, raised his eyes from the water and threw a swift glance at Miss Fielding.

"I believe she'd just as soon marry Felton as not," added the other bitterly. "Don't you think she would?"

"It would be a pity if she married a scamp like that," said Hugh slowly.

"Not if she cared for him!" muttered Kemp sulkily.

The younger man looked straight in front of him at the clouds about the horizon. It struck Kemp for perhaps the hundredth time how strangely expressionless his fair, clever face was. "What *are* you thinking about?" he exclaimed, laughing in spite of himself. "You might just as well have a set of features made out of wood!"

"I've often been told that," replied Hugh, with a short laugh. "I was thinking, however, that if you want my candid opinion about the case, I'll give it—though I haven't the least right to have an opinion at all, as you know."

"Never mind. Give it," replied Kemp.

"I've said before that I believe Miss Fielding will do whatever she is made to do. Very well. Make her marry you."

"But I don't want to marry her against her will!" cried Kemp indignantly.

Hugh made no rejoinder, but again fixed his eyes on the clouds.

"Surely you don't imagine that that *is* what I want?" persisted the other, still more hotly.

"No," said Hugh, biting his lip. Then he threw another glance at Miss Fielding. "What I meant was that it probably *would* be her will as soon as you had made her do it."

"And her will, too, if Felton made her marry him?" asked Kemp breathlessly.

"I've told you what I think," replied Hugh, rather abruptly, and he refused to answer another question on the subject.

At this moment Lord George, thinking that he had made his attentions sufficiently conspicuous, sauntered up to a group of people with Miss Fielding, and gradually detached himself from her. In a moment Kemp was at her side. "You haven't spoken to me all day!" he said reproachfully.

Daisy gave him a swift, surprised glance. She had lost her excited manner, and was looking rather depressed; in answer to his remark she only sighed.

"Has Felton been boring you?" Kemp asked daringly.

"A little," she replied, in a very low tone.

"I am going to row bow going home," he went on with nervous haste. "Do you care for sitting in the bows of a boat?"

"Yes," she answered indifferently, "I shall be very pleased."

"Let us come and get our seats, then," he said. They walked to the boat in silence. "Put this coat round you," he went on, handing her a light overcoat as she took her place.

Daisy accepted it in the same mechanical way and laid it on the cushions where she was going to sit. She seemed hardly to notice Kemp; but presently, feeling that there was a book in one of the coat-pockets, she drew it out. "Browning!" she said, and began to turn over the leaves at random.

Suddenly she looked up. "Did *you* underline that?" she asked quickly, pointing to a verse which was thickly scored under.

Kemp glanced over the page and read the lines from "A Pretty Woman"—

"But for loving, why, you would not, Sweet,  
Though we prayed you,  
Paid you, brayed you  
In a mortar—for you could not, Sweet!"

"No, I certainly didn't!" he replied. "The book isn't mine—I don't read Browning. It belongs to Mr. Julian. Those must be his sentiments."

"Do you think that could be true of any one?" asked Daisy, not raising her eyes, and speaking in an almost imploring tone.

"I shouldn't *like* to think it could be," said Kemp, very low.

Daisy fell back upon the cushions, and hardly spoke another word during the homeward journey. She seemed to be intent upon the book, and kept her face hidden behind it all the time.

Afterwards, when he was alone, Kemp took up the Browning

with the intention of reading the poem through. As he glanced at the page he started violently and grew pale. It had been fair and smooth when she had called him to look at it, but now it was blistered and blotted with tears.

## IV.

Three nights later Kemp and his friend pushed their way into a crowded drawing-room, and, after a seemingly hopeless glance amongst the throngs of dancers, the latter observed in his calm, imperturbable way, "There's Miss Fielding, Kemp, by the window."

Kemp looked across. Daisy was standing almost opposite to them, listening to the devoted whispers of Lord George, with whom it was evident that she had just been dancing. Even at this distance she looked pale and weary, and the smile on her lips was a very sad one. She looked—unhappy girl!—as though she had been crying.

Kemp pushed his way to her side, almost seized her programme as soon as he had greeted her, and began scribbling his initials upon it with feverish impetuosity.

"He may leave one for me, mayn't he, Miss Fielding?" said Hugh, glancing over his friend's shoulder.

"Oh, yes!" said Daisy, in rather a strange tone, and, taking the card, she handed it to him.

Their glances did not meet, and the young man wrote his name against only one waltz, then bowed and walked away.

"Do you like my friend Julian?" said Kemp suddenly, wondering why he had never thought of asking her the question before.

"It doesn't much matter whether we like him or not," said the girl. "He doesn't like us." She still spoke strangely and looked unlike herself.

"Oh, that's nonsense!" returned Kemp, more emphatically than politely.

"It may be," said Daisy. "But it's truthful nonsense. Mamma doesn't like him," she added irrelevantly.

"And you always follow her in your likes and dislikes?" ventured Kemp, not without intention.

"Why shouldn't I?" said Daisy recklessly, almost defiantly. "Since weak people must submit to some one, what does it matter to whom they submit?"



"Don't speak like that!" exclaimed Kemp entreatingly. "I am sure you don't feel that."

"I do feel it!" cried the child bitterly. "I feel that it doesn't matter what I want, since I haven't will enough to find out a way to get it."

Kemp felt unutterably puzzled and pained at her manner, her words, the strange despairing sadness of her face. They could not continue the discussion just then, however, so he made no answer. He did not want to dance with any one but her, and when their first dance was over he went and seated himself by Lady Fielding, and presently Daisy's partner brought her back to them.

"Daisy," said her mother, in a low voice, "come here. Did Mr. Julian ask you for a dance just now?"

"Yes, mamma," said the girl, colouring.

"Then I can't let you dance with him. If you can't get out of it in any other way, tell him plainly that I will not allow it." There was a hint of menace in the tone, though the elder lady tried to keep it calm. Daisy looked up imploringly. At this very moment Hugh made his way through the crowd and approached her, studying his programme all the while with a puzzled air.

"Miss Fielding," he said, in a deeply apologetic tone, "I've written some one's name so badly on my programme, that I can't possibly read it; it *looks* a little like yours. Would you think me very rude if I asked you to tell me whether I have the happiness to be your partner for this dance?"

There was the slightest possible pause before any one answered. Daisy stood like a statue, staring at her mother. Then Lady Fielding broke into a quick laugh. "I'm afraid not, Mr. Julian," she said, "for Daisy has just told me that she is engaged to some one else."

"How very stupid of me!" exclaimed Hugh. "I apologise most humbly. I see now that it is Miss Wilding to whom I am engaged. Please forgive me for troubling you."

He turned away. Kemp made a step forward. "Our dance, I think," he said to Daisy, considering that he might as well take advantage of this piece of by-play, as leave Miss Fielding partnerless. "Shall we go and sit out somewhere? You are looking tired."

The girl turned without a word; but when they got away from the room to a quiet little nook, where even the sound of

the music hardly reached them, she threw herself into a chair with a face fuller of misery than was warranted even by the worst construction that could be put upon her behaviour.

"Oh, how *hateful* everything is!" she cried passionately.

"My dear Miss Fielding!" said Kemp, shocked at her distress.

Daisy turned her head aside to hide the blinding tears in her eyes.

"Surely you don't mind so much about what happened just now?" he went on. "Why, I can explain that to Mr. Julian in five seconds, if you will allow me."

"No—no," she said, in a smothered tone; "you can't—and—and—I don't wish you to try."

"But you needn't mind so much," said Kemp eagerly; "you were almost forced into refusing the dance—he gave you very little choice. If he could make a mistake like that——"

"He made no mistake!" cried Daisy bitterly. "He didn't believe I would dance with him—he thinks I'm not to be trusted. Every one is hard on weak people; they have to suffer all through their lives, and no one pities them. Whatever happens, they go first to the wall and are trampled upon. The strong ones snatch their happiness, and think that, because others are not brave enough to do the same, they don't feel their loss. They feel *every* thing! Their lives are *spent* in feeling miserable because they are not stronger; and no one is sorry—no one tries to help them!"

"Daisy!" cried Kemp, seizing her hands. "Don't speak so wildly. Don't—don't *suggest* that you are speaking of yourself! You know that I would die to help you!"

"Oh!" cried the child, bursting into tears; but the rest of her sentence was incoherent.

"Can I help you?" he breathed.

She looked up at him with a wild throb of hope. The moment had come. The mute request which had lain in her eyes ever since he had seen her first, woke to intensest life. Through her tears he tried to read the meaning of it, and then seized her and drew her closer. "Answer me! answer me!" he implored. "Can I help you, and how?"

"Oh, don't make me tell you!" exclaimed the poor child in a voice pregnant with anguish. "If you know—have pity—I——"

"You will take my love," he whispered. "You will let me save you from that brute Felton?"

Daisy turned as pale as death, and made a convulsive effort to speak ; then, finding that it was useless, she ceased to struggle, and dropped into his arms, shaken with passionate sobs.

## V.

"Must you really go?" said Kemp ruefully enough, when his friend told him a fortnight later that he had accepted Lord Manton's offer and was going abroad with him, as his private secretary, for seven years. "Surely you don't care enough about it to make it worth your while. I wish you would give up the scheme."

"Oh nonsense! you'll get along well enough without me, now that you're going to be married," said the younger man. "You'll find seven years go like no time when you get to the 'happy ever after' stage."

"I shall miss you all the same," said Kemp in a rough voice.

"Well, that'll be uncommonly kind of you!" returned Hugh. "By the way, I took the liberty of getting my wedding present for you rather early, as I'm going away so soon. Come and tell me whether I've hit your taste." He led the way to the adjoining room. "There, I got Floyd's picture for you, as I couldn't think of anything else you would appreciate so much!"

From the wall, opposite them, Daisy's pale face and entreating eyes looked down at the two men.

"What made you run into such a piece of mad extravagance just for me?" cried Kemp, deeply touched.

"Pooh! it wasn't extravagance," said the other contemptuously. "It's rather rot to give it to you at all now; as I suppose Miss Fielding has never worn that expression since her engagement."

Kemp looked up at the picture in silence. That evening, when he had made his confession of love, Daisy had seemed too much agitated to answer him coherently; but when he called next morning she had been waiting to receive him, and had greeted him very prettily. Since then, their engagement had been publicly announced, and she had seemed happy and contented, if possibly rather pensive. But *had* he never caught that wistful, beseeching expression in her eyes since then?

"Haven't you ever seen her since?" he asked, turning away and addressing Hugh.

"No—I—I'm ashamed to say that I've been too frightfully

busy to call," replied the other. "I wrote to Lady Fielding to explain and to apologize for my apparent rudeness. Perhaps you'll express the same at greater length, with my warmest congratulations to Miss Daisy, and—and give her this trifle, which I took the liberty of buying for her." As he spoke, he snapped rather nervously the clasp of a little morocco box which he pushed towards Kemp.

The elder man opened the lid and looked down silently for a moment at a slender gold bracelet, studded with pearls and moonstones, which somehow suggested the thought of Daisy, as vividly as her picture on the wall.

We have most of us felt at times in our lives that we are on the verge of a great discovery—as though some wild suspicion had leapt up and shrieked a momentous suggestion in our ears. Such a moment came to Kemp now ; he dropped the little case on the table and turned wildly to his friend.

"*Hugh!*" he cried breathlessly, seizing him by the shoulder. The two men looked into one another's eyes in silence.

Kemp's face was working with emotion ; he seemed as though he would tear the truth from the other. But Hugh Julian did not let his features betray him : he neither flinched nor stirred, nor showed surprise at Kemp's movement.

"Good Heaven!" cried Kemp, drawing a long breath, and turning away at last. "I thought—You would think me a madman if I told you what I thought!"

"Never mind," said Hugh smiling. "We expect every one in love to be a little mad! Well, you'll remember me in every possible way to Miss Fielding, won't you, and say how sorry I was not to see her again before I went?"

"I'll tell her," said Kemp, who had not yet recovered himself. "I haven't half thanked you, old fellow. I—I—hang it!—I *can't*. I'd better go. I'll write—You'll see me again before you start, of course?"

"Of course," replied Hugh heartily. "Good-bye, old fellow ; take care of yourself!"

They did not meet again, however. A few days later the picture and the bracelet were sent to Kemp, with a note from his friend to say that, owing to a sudden change in their plans, he would have to start sooner than he had expected.

## VI.

"I've still something to show you," said Kemp, as he led his little pale bride over their new home. "See what a devoted husband I'm going to be! I won't have you out of my sight for a moment!" He slipped his arm round her as he spoke, and opened the door of his dressing-room. They entered.

"My picture!" said Daisy, smiling as she looked up at it, hanging on the wall in front of her. "You never told me you had bought it."

"I didn't buy it. Julian gave it to me as a parting present. Wasn't it good of him? And he left an almost equally beautiful one for you. I kept it until now, because I thought I would like to write and tell him that we thought gratefully of him on our wedding-day."

Daisy drew herself from her husband's arm, and began to tremble violently. "What did he leave for me?" she asked in a low, frightened voice.

Kemp reached out his hand for the morocco case which lay on a little table below the picture. "But, my dear child, what is the matter?" he cried, for she had grown ashy white, and could hardly stand.

"*Parting* present!" she gasped. "Why *parting* present?"

"Didn't Lady Fielding tell you," said Kemp, with a sudden sickening pang, "that he had gone abroad with Lord Manton for six or seven years? I know he wrote to tell her about it."

"She wasn't *likely* to tell me!" said Daisy. "She always thought—she knew—Gone!—Gone!—and not one word—not even Good-bye—only this. *Hugh!*" As the cry burst from her with an anguish which seemed to rend her very heart, the poor child turned wildly in her husband's arms, and then dropped like a stone at his feet.

In a moment the truth flashed into Kemp's mind. She had loved his friend!

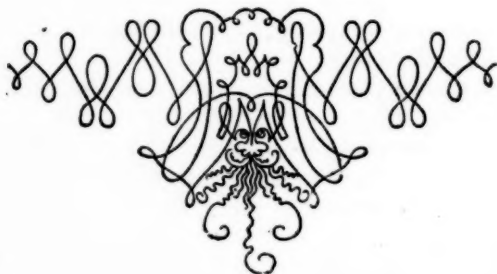
Had he not been absolutely and selfishly blind, he might have known it long ago; but now, when it was too late, he had to face the miserable results of that blindness and of her fatal weakness of purpose. In trying to save her from one loveless marriage, he had dragged her into another. As he stooped over her now and lifted her up in his arms, he recalled the feeling which had come into his mind when first he had seen her face in

the picture now hanging above them. He looked up,—from henceforth, he thought, he should never see anything but misery and reproach in that look. She *had* appealed to him, and he had not understood.

And Hugh? Good Heavens! had he too loved her? If so, what ghastly impulse had made him urge on his friend's courtship of the girl he loved? Had he *known* what Daisy felt the while? or had he thought, as that underlined verse of Browning seemed to imply, that she was incapable of really loving at all? Why had he never made a single attempt to win her? Was it possible that he had given her up, avoided her, because he believed that Kemp would make her happier than he himself could? Did he think her to be so unfitted for the wife of a poor hard-working man that he would not even suggest that she should share such a lot? Had he mistrusted her power of being true to himself in the face of her mother's opposition? And, if he had acted in this way for any of these reasons, did his action betoken a cold cynicism almost inconceivable in so young a man; or did it betoken a power of pure self-sacrifice which was ready to suffer and endure all things without a hope of reward?

To these questions and to the hundreds of others which beset him, Kemp never found an answer. Hugh had gone; he had made no sign, and his name was never mentioned again between the husband and wife: nor did he ever come back to disturb them.

And, as the years passed and Daisy's clinging nature turned more and more to Kemp for support, he brought himself to admit at last that perhaps, after all, his friend had acted for the best.





## Notes of the Month.

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A CORRESPONDENT, whose authority is beyond question, assures us that our Note last month upon the position of Church matters at Oxford was very far from describing the actual situation. "St. Aloysius," he says, "is exactly where and what it has been for the last ten years. Its impact on the University is strangely slight and limited. It has been a daily subject of amazement that in a field so favourable, with hordes of young minds floating about vaguely in chaos, the influence of Rome should be so singularly confined. As to Anglicanism, far from its having been weakened by the withdrawal of its official position, it has gained immeasurably in force and authority since that withdrawal, above all, it has gained *men*. Those of us who, ten years ago, looked forward with dread to a probable period of 'denudation,' have been startled by the sudden swarm of younger Churchmen, who, after obtaining open Fellowship, are taking Orders. They are as surprised as Mark Pattison was at the vigour of the 'Catholic Reaction' which has set in. Nor is Dr. Liddon absent; he is to be found at Christ Church just as much now as he has been for years; he is there for the chief part of all three terms. Nor has Mr. Gore's illness done more than reduce, for *one* brief term, his incessant activity. He and the Pusey House are felt more decidedly in Oxford every year. And, besides all the set of younger Fellows, why is no mention to be made of Dr. Paget, or of Canon Aubrey Moore?"

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Dr. Liddon, in common with most men who occupy prominent stations in Church or State, is the recipient of a great number of anonymous letters. These are generally of what is termed an "improving" character, pointing out faults of omission or commission in the Doctor's public ministrations. An amusing instance of this officious tendency recently occurred. The academical hood belonging to the degree of D.D. at Oxford is a very heavy and cumbrous garment, compounded of scarlet cloth and black silk, and Dr. Liddon, whose action in the pulpit is very energetic, found that his hood pressed uncomfortably on his neck and shoulders, and materially increased the physical labour of preaching under the dome of St. Paul's on the hot Sunday afternoons of August. One day he unbuttoned the hood during his sermon, and let it fall off his shoulders; and, finding this a great relief, next time he preached he took the hood off as soon as he entered the pulpit, and resumed it when the sermon was

finished. A few days later he received a letter signed "An attached member of the Church of England," reproving him for having introduced into the pulpit of St. Paul's the new-fangled rite of ceremonially doffing and donning part of his vesture. The action, no doubt, had some superstitious meaning, although the author of the letter candidly admitted his inability to guess what the particular error was, which the preacher intended to convey. With characteristic tenderness to the conscience of the weak brother, Dr. Liddon, during the remainder of his period of residence, laid aside his hood before entering the pulpit.

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A scene has just been enacted in a far-away mountain valley, that has stirred many a heart throughout the length and breadth of Europe, and yet, so wide is the world and so manifold its interests, that probably not one Englishman in a thousand has so much as heard of the centenary celebration of the return of the 800 Waldenses to their native valleys, under the leadership of the brave Henri Arnaud, 200 years ago. Nevertheless, a quotation from the words of an eye-witness may perhaps be of interest to our readers.

"The celebration of the bi-centenary of the *Rentrée Glorieuse* had collected a crowd of visitors to Torre Pellice. All the Vaudois Pasteurs in Italy had assembled there; the Reformed churches throughout Europe had sent their representatives, Scotland and England included. The first great meeting took place on the mountain-side, above the village of Bobbio, under the magnificent old chestnut-trees beneath which Henri Arnaud and his followers took the celebrated oath known as the "serment de Sibaoud" that day (1st September), 200 years ago. The whole population of the valley streamed to the spot, and the inhabitants of Torre Pellice began their exodus at 3 A.M.

"A vast multitude had climbed the rocks and had assembled under the chestnut-trees—seated high upon the mountain-side. A platform had been erected for the speakers. Pasteur Prochet, the leading member of the Vaudois Church, a fine man with a powerful head and magnificent voice, presided, and, after a prayer and a hymn, admirably sung, delivered an address which for eloquence and the effect it produced I never heard equalled. The scene was altogether a most impressive and touching one—one never to be forgotten.

"On the following day there was the opening of the 'Maison Vaudoise,' a fine building at Torre Pellice, containing a large hall for the meeting of the Vaudois Synod, a museum, and rooms for educational purposes. The ceremony was a very interesting one. The King, who had liberally subscribed towards the erection of the buildings, sent his 'Prefetto' of Turin to represent him. An address was delivered by M. G. Mielle, the Vaudois Pasteur at Turin, which, besides being most eloquent, was admirable in other respects, and will, I am sure, have a great effect throughout all Italy. The next day was occupied by a

meeting of the Synod, open to the public; and on Wednesday evening the 'Société de l'Histoire Vaudoise' held their meeting, which was crowded, and there was some good speaking."

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Those who carefully compared the text of Mr. Gladstone's French speech in Paris with the translation in the *Daily News* are asking whether the suppression of his reference to the Christian Faith, and the substitution for it of the bare word "Truth," was merely a stupid blunder, or a deliberate attempt to obscure the strict orthodoxy of Mr. Gladstone's religious belief?

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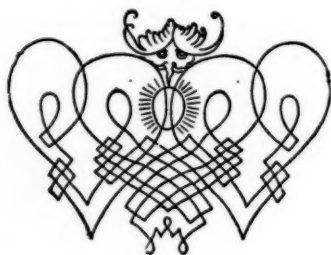
From the Canadian province of Alberta we heard lately that enormous prairie fires had been raging, caused by the timber on the eastern slopes of the Rockies having been fired by some miners, and the conflagration spreading to the plains. "Vast regions of grass country, about ninety miles from us," writes our informant, "are on fire; we are smothered in smoke, and only see the sun now and then like a red wafer; it is most dreary, like a November fog in London, only grey instead of yellow. All our lovely summer weather has been spoiled; there is no way of putting the fire out or hope of its stopping until the snow comes in October or November. We have had fires like this on every side of us at intervals since April, and the damage they do is incalculable."

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The following episode of the recent strike is instructive, and not a little discouraging to those who believe in winning the hearts of their men by kindness and consideration. At one of the chief printing establishments in London, a house specially noted, we believe, for the care taken to promote the welfare of their "hands" by clubs, evening classes, recreations, &c., two "organizers" appeared one morning, and sent for several of the "machine hands" to tell them they must strike. The men, who were perfectly contented, asked what they were to demand; they were told vaguely to ask for more money. Thereupon they sought the manager, and surprised him with the sudden intelligence that they intended to strike. On being requested to formulate their demands, they were unable to do so, until they had again consulted the organizers outside. At length they returned, and named the sum to which they proposed the wages should be lifted. "Very well," said the manager, "that is a business-like request; we will consider it and give you an answer the day after to-morrow." But this would not do for the men. "It is 12 o'clock now, and we must have your answer by 2, or we shall not come in," was their rejoinder. Naturally, in a large firm employing hundreds of workpeople, so grave a decision with all its consequences could not be taken off-hand; but the men adhered to their unreasonable

ultimatum, and then and there no less than sixty of them left the service of a house where many had worked for years and not a single note of discontent had been heard prior to the visit of the "strike organizers" that morning.

The relative merits of English and American Magazines have been under discussion in several newspapers of late. While exhibiting an amusing discrepancy of opinion as to what is the true standard of merit, the numerous correspondents who have expressed their views on the subject may be roughly divided into those who prefer Illustrated Magazines and those who do not; of course our sympathy is with the latter, though no doubt we are in the minority. It may, we think, be taken for granted that the mere fact of illustrations attracts a wider audience, and that American Magazines on this account have the pull over English. But we cannot admit that this gives them a claim to superiority; to mention only one point, in a Magazine illustrated on the American scale, involving preparation months before the date of issue, articles on current topics are practically impossible. Before undertaking to award the laurels, two classes should be compared—illustrated American with illustrated English, "plain" American with "plain" English periodicals. On this footing we should not fear the comparison, drawn either from literary and artistic merit or from circulation—circulation, that is to say, in this country, for, so long as Mr. Mudie exists, and so long as our postal rates are eight times as heavy as those of the United States, it will hardly be possible even for the 'English Illustrated' or the 'Magazine of Art' to reach the stupendous circulation of the 'Century' in its native home.



## Our Library List.

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MEMORY'S HARKBACK—1808-1858, by F. E. GRETTON, B.D. (*Bentley*)—takes the reader far away from "the full tide of human existence" which surges round Charing Cross, and calls up vistas of college common rooms and cathedral cloisters; of leisurely rides through green lanes and over stretches of springy turf; or of long winter evenings spent in pleasant, kindly, old-fashioned talk. Mr. Gretton has passed his life as a country clergyman, and a wholesome country perfume seems to breathe through his pages. There is nothing very brilliant or very profound in the volume, and some of the stories related have seen service, yet the total impression produced is rendered perhaps by these very defects more harmonious and therefore more agreeable. We see, faithfully depicted, a state of society which is fast passing away, and which our children will probably be unable to realize. Dr. Gretton confesses himself frankly "*laudator temporis acti*," he thinks that steam has brought more loss than gain to the world; and, though he admits that education is more carefully conducted than it used to be, he fears that scholarship is being ruined by the free use of translations. "The Psalms of David," as compared with Tate and Brady's version, is hardly a happy illustration of a work "in the original."

THE LAND OF THE DRAGON, by WILLIAM SPENCER PERCIVAL (*Hurst & Blackett*), contains a lively account of the author's experiences as sportsman and tourist in the gorges of the Upper Yangtze, a river which, as of course our readers are aware, flows past Nankin, and enters the sea just to the north of Shanghai. Rapids have to be traversed which are only navigable during part of the year, and then at some peril, and at least one whirlpool. The most interesting to the reader of Mr. Percival's experiences seem to have been among the cave temples of Hu Peh, though several must have yielded to him more momentary excitement. The traveller in the by-ways of China must be prepared to use his fists almost as freely as his tongue, the receptions he meets with varying between friendly curiosity and personal violence. Mr. Percival seems hardly to have fixed in his own mind the view which he takes of the Chinese character and institutions. In his opening chapters he abuses them roundly; and in the last, Balaam like, he "blesses them altogether." He has resided sixteen years in the country,

and is therefore no novice in his subject. A very vivid account is quoted from the *North China News* of an American who had served in the Taeping rebellion, and afterwards taken a Chinese wife and become naturalized in the country of his adoption ; such cases are apparently not uncommon :—

“ I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race :  
Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,  
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun.”

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A NURSE, by E. D. (*Macmillan*), is a small volume making no pretensions to literary style, but possessing the merit of a faithful transcript from real life. The author's heart is evidently in her profession, and her narrative should prove interesting to those ladies who, in accordance with the admirable custom which has sprung up of late years, intend to devote themselves to the care of the sick. It is now universally recognized that in such ministrations affection will not supply the place of training, and that patients are both more restful and more likely to recover when under the care of a skilled stranger. The benefit, therefore, which “ Sister Emma ” and others like her confer on their fellow-creatures is among the most valuable and the least alloyed that one human being can bestow on another. Nuns in the service of humanity, their work is unaffected by creed, or climate, or race. “ Sister Emma ” herself, after preliminary training, took charge of a hospital in Zanzibar ; obliged, after eighteen months, to return to England by failing health, she again set out for South Africa as Superintendent of Lady Burdett-Coutts' hospital for sick and wounded soldiers ; and, thirdly, volunteered in March 1885, as “ cooking sister ” among the nurses sent out by the National Aid Society to Suez in the Egyptian War. The book closes with a brief account of an expedition by boat to Assouan to bring back soldiers wounded in the Nile campaign.

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SANT' ILARIO, by F. MARION CRAWFORD (3 vols. *Macmillan*) is a continuation of ‘ Sarracinesca,’ and the reader, unless his memory be unusually tenacious, feels at first some difficulty in getting his bearings among the various personages. Mr. Crawford has withdrawn the veil with which novelists generally shroud the married life of their heroes and heroines, showing us an estrangement, happily only temporary, between the beautiful Corona, whilom Duchess of Astrardente, and her second husband and heart's-love, Giovanni di Sant' Ilario. The fault lies wholly with the man, whose frantic jealousy is excited on very flimsy grounds, and who ought to have read his wife's character more correctly. Perhaps the main current of the book is the mutual love between Anastase Gouache, a French soldier-painter, and Faustina di Montivarchi, daughter of a Roman Prince. A dark plot is formed for



depriving the Sarracinescas of their titles and most of their wealth. Whether it succeeds or not we leave readers to find out. There is the usual elaborate Italian setting, but Mr. Crawford makes less use than usual of historical personages mingling with the creations of his fancy, and conversing in a way which, whether characteristic or not, is very unlike their authentic recorded utterances. A forthcoming continuation is more than hinted at on the last page of the third volume.

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**THE FREAKS OF LADY FORTUNE.** By MAY CROMMELIN (2 vols. *Hurst & Blackett*). Fortune, as we all know, is a fickle jade; but she does not riot in quite so unrestrained a fashion as this bright and lively story would represent. Guelda Seaton supports herself and her young brother by manual labour in a cottage in a wood; she is so radiantly fair that she smites with instantaneous ravishment a wandering Duke and his cousin with a face like St. Michael's; almost simultaneously she is recognized by an enormously rich Earl as his long-lost grandchild, is installed as his heiress, and shortly becomes a leader of London Society. Offers of marriage are showered upon her, but she refuses them all (including the Duke's) for the sake of the handsome cousin, variously styled Ronald and Roland Airlie. Meanwhile the Earl's disowned and supposed drowned eldest son turns up and obtains his father's recognition and pardon. The Earl dies intestate, whereupon the children of his second son are, in unexplained defiance of English law, left destitute. Guelda flies from her uncle's roof and endeavours to support herself as a singer at evening parties. Fortunately the uncle is discovered to be an impostor, Guelda marries her true love, the Duke beams a chastened approval, and we leave our heroine again at the top of Fortune's wheel.

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**WILD DARRIE**, by DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY HERMAN (*Longmans*), first appeared, if we mistake not, as a Summer Number of the *Graphic*, and of its kind is an excellent piece of work. The outlines are "blocked in" broadly, as in a bold and rapid sketch, and the colours are laid on bright and strong with a view to immediate striking effect. The reader's interest is kept alive by a succession of "strong" situations, and it is not till the last page is turned that he begins to ask himself whether such a character as the heroine is psychologically possible. By that time he will probably be setting about finding another novel, so the question remains unanswered. Wild Darrie, a beautiful circus-rider, marries an honest yeoman, but elopes with a scoundrel. She is then falsely accused of a theft and sent to penal servitude; shortly after her liberation she accidentally meets her husband just as his daughter is about to be married to a gallant navy lieutenant. The marriage is postponed, and Darrie goes with her husband and child to

America. The surprising adventures which befell her and her family there and on her return to England are best read in the book itself. Suffice it to say, that all the knots are not unravelled till the last page, and that the conclusion is in accordance with novelists' justice.

FROM THE GREEN BAG, by F. M. ALLEN (*Ward & Downey*), is another collection of those rollicking Irish stories whereby Mr. Allen, judging by the laudatory notices prefixed to the present volume, has taken the critics by storm. "Never—or, well, hardly ever," it appears, has a humorist so irresistibly comic, so innocently racy, so whimsically imaginative, bounded on to the stage of English or Irish literature. We confess that we cannot conscientiously echo these enthusiastic praises, but our sense of humour is probably defective, therefore we chronicle them and leave our readers to judge for themselves. The fun seems to consist in making St. Patrick, the Pope, Horatius Cocles, Cromwell, Ulysses, and other historical and quasi-historical characters, figure in wildly impossible "yarns," talking the language of Munster peasants, over-reaching each other with more or less cunning, and commenting on things in general with more or less shrewdness. Occasionally a remark is made which strikes even our Saxon obtuseness as mildly funny, and no doubt every page is redolent of the country of its birth. The book might safely be put into the hands of the most carefully educated girl. It could do her no harm—even if she read it.

